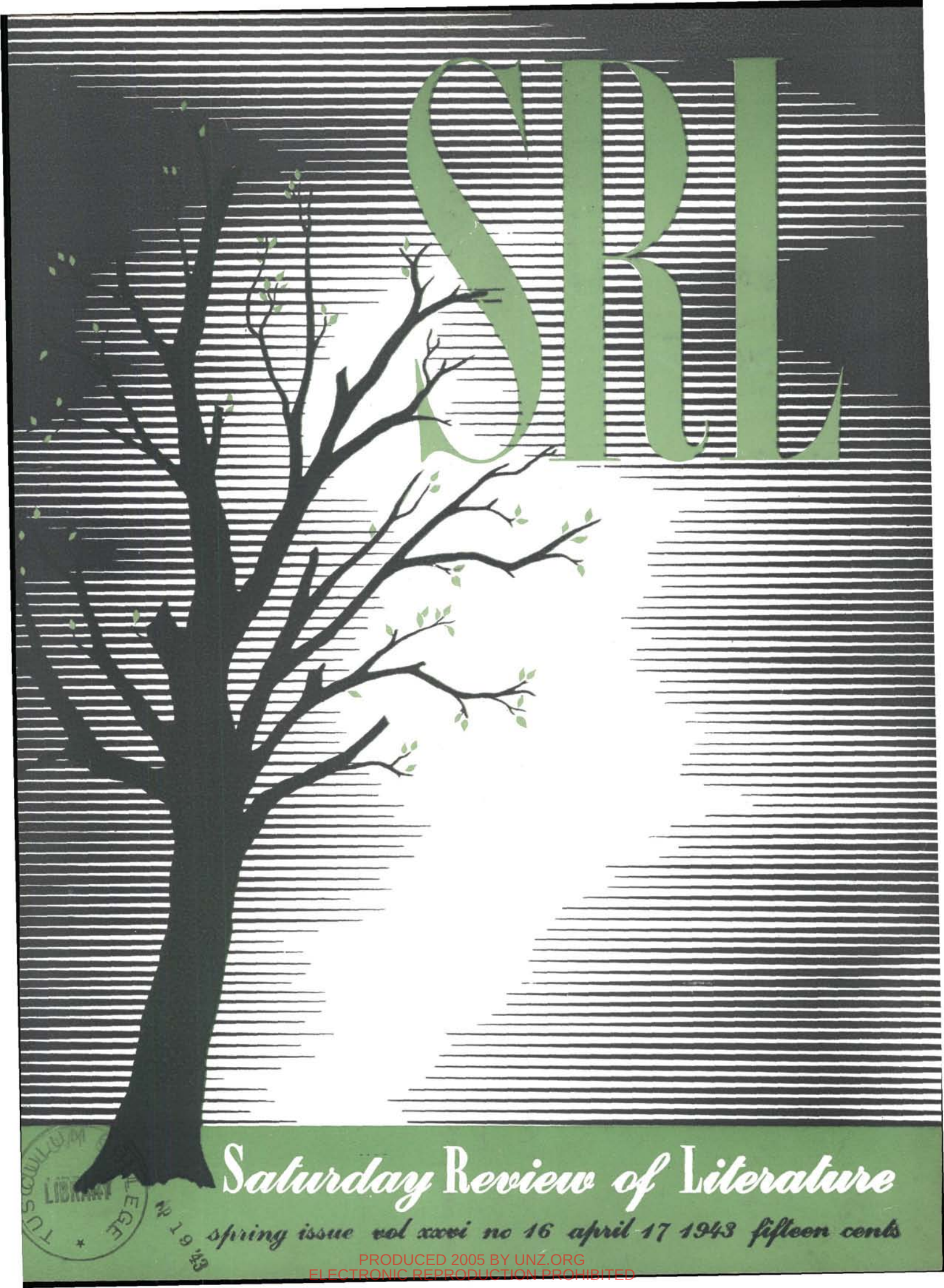

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The Saturday Review of Literature

ANNUAL SPRING NUMBER

April 17, 1943

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JEFFERSON BICENTENNIAL: APRIL 13, 1943

The Jefferson Faith

DUMAS MALONE

TWO HUNDRED YEARS after his birth, the fame of Thomas Jefferson in his native land is unquestionably greater than it has been before in this generation, and is probably greater than it has been at any time since his death. The memorial to him in the national capital, which was dedicated on April 13, signifies in a tangible way his recognition as a member of our Trinity of immortals, with Washington and Lincoln whose claims have long been indisputable. He cannot challenge the unique position of Washington, who for more than a century and a half has been the recognized symbol of the independent Republic itself. To most people, however, the Father of his Country seems a silent statue, while Jefferson appears to have the gift of eternal speech. His words are probably quoted even more often than those of Lincoln, but he is less beloved and as a personality he is more elusive and remote. There is pretty general agreement, however, that he surpasses all our major heroes, except possibly Benjamin Franklin, in the rich diversity of his talent. A great many people besides scholars now know that he was not only a towering figure in political history, but also an educational statesman, a naturalist, an inventor, an architect, a bibliophile, and the most noted patron of learning and the arts in his generation. No other great American has conspicuously served his countrymen and posterity in so many different ways.

This incredible person transmitted to those who came after him papers which have been described as "the richest treasure house of information ever left by a single man." Indeed, in making this statement Gilbert Chinard, who has contributed so conspicuously to our knowledge of Jefferson's mind and learning, was speaking directly of only the two major collections. He mentioned others, including the one at the University of Virginia, which has become in recent years a particularly important center of Jeffersonian scholarship. The literary remains of this prodigious worker comprise not merely letters, but account books, farm and garden books, architectural drawings, abstracts of reading, drafts of state papers, and any number of other items. From this vast treasure house, which is adequately described in no printed record, hidden gems are extracted from time to time and displayed to small audiences, while the more familiar jewels are exhibited to the world again and again in every variety of setting. In the course of time Jefferson's countrymen may grow weary of him and his words, but it is hard to believe that any intelligent person can fail to see in his rich diversity something that is appealing.

Every year there are books about him and, while no one of them comprehends the whole man or even pretends to, most of them contain something that is good and most of them are well received. One would expect the crop to be larger than average this year because of the celebration, and it has been. At the moment, mention is made of three books that have recently appeared.* One of these, a little volume entitled "Then and Now," is the work of upwards of fifty persons, generally well known, who have contributed brief articles of appreciation at the instance of the Bill of Rights Sesqui-Centennial Committee. The names of the authors and the titles of their choosing suggest anew the appeal of Jefferson to persons of widely divergent type and interest. Another is a charmingly illustrated book by Hendrik Willem van Loon, said to be the first of a series of hero books by this well known author. He addresses himself particularly but not exclusively to the young and writes entertainingly, following his own caprices. A third, entitled "The Road to Glory," is by Marie Kimball, wife of the noted authority on Jeffersonian architecture and herself an investigator of industry and skill. She deals with the first phases of Jefferson's life and career, though in certain matters she goes beyond the announced terminal date, 1776, and does not allow herself to be limited by strict sequence or chronology.

The early years of a great man's life are often the hardest to describe because of the relative paucity of rec-

*JEFFERSON: THE ROAD TO GLORY, 1743-1776. By Marie Kimball. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. ix, 358 pp., $4.

THOMAS JEFFERSON. Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 106 pp., $2.50.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, THEN AND NOW, 1743-1943. A National Symposium. Edited by James Waterman Wise. Bill of Rights Sesqui-Centennial Committee. 1943. 144 pp.

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ords. Owing to the fire which destroyed his boyhood home at Shadwell in 1770, this has been particularly true of Jefferson, for most of whose life materials are so abundant as to be embarassing. The meagre sources for these early years are more accessible than they used to be and more people know about them, but they are scattered and they yield their secrets only to those who are patient and persistent. By filling out this relatively barren record and freshly presenting details of Jefferson's early life which are little known or not known at all, Mrs. Kimball has earned the gratitude of scholars no less than that of the general public. Nowhere else is there so full a story of the young Jefferson or so good a description of his personal background and his daily life.

IT will undoubtedly surprise many people to read the account of his paternal ancestry, for the tendency to explain his democracy by the supposed lowliness of his father's origins has long persisted. Indeed, it persists in Mr. Van Loon's book which begins with a readable and salutary disquisition on the yeoman, despite the fact that the nearest known ancestor of this particular hero who can possibly be termed a yeoman was his great-grandfather, and that the designation is questionable even in his case. Mr. Van Loon recognizes that an aristocratic heritage came through the Randolphs, but, to the consternation of the genealogists, he confuses William of Tuckahoe with William of Turkey Island and unites the daughter of this composite gentleman with Peter Jefferson, who always supposed that he had married the daughter of Isham.

Mrs. Kimball, after industrious exploration of local records, properly repudiates the claim that the dualism of aristocracy and democracy in Peter Jefferson's son can be explained by the union of patrician and plebeian. She gives Peter and his ancestors their very considerable due, puts Thomas where he belongs as a fully accredited member of the Virginia gentry, and with refreshing detail shows that he had excellent educational opportunities and early associations that were intellectually profitable. To say that he realized more fully on his opportunities than others, that he bought books more extensively and studied them more assiduously, that he cultivated the arts and extended them, is not to deny that he came into a rich heritage of intellectual and social culture.

How there arose, in such a man in such a society, the spirit which, far more than his varied accomplishments and great learning and even more than his great deeds, has made him famous, is a question which Mrs. Kimball does not really raise and which, probably, no one can answer. It might be well to discard the word aristocracy in this immediate connection, though it is difficult to get along without these vague but convenient terms. Let us say, then, that Thomas Jefferson was born into a privileged class, but that, to a notable degree, he threw off such shackles as his social and financial status may have imposed on his mind and spirit. In explaining his emancipation one must lay emphasis on his reading, which Mrs. Kimball has investigated with such industry and described with such care, but no one can rightly regard him as an isolated phenomenon at any stage of his development. The society into which he was born was based on an exploitation of land and labor which he afterward deplored, but within it privilege was by no means synonymous with irresponsibility. The Virginia gentry lived in no cushioned vacuum. Theirs was still a young society, close to the soil from which it sprang and considerably closer to the wilderness than the society which produced John Adams. In its high sense of public responsibility, its pioneering spirit, and its effective strength, it is not badly symbolized by Peter Jefferson. His son was to exemplify in the highest degree its graces and amenities, and he was to be dominated by its spirit of *noblesse oblige* until he blossomed forth as the intellectual and political champion of freedom and democracy.

Just when he thus blossomed forth is a question. It certainly was not in 1769, when at the age of twenty-six he entered public life as a member of the House of Burgesses. It is at this point that Mrs. Kimball introduces an admirable quotation from Edmund Randolph which says, among other things, that his kinsman had not yet attained "a marked grade in politics." Actually, the statement referred to the year 1774, when Jefferson was thirty-one, and for that date it is more significant. Her subsequent assertion that his entire social program for Virginia was conceived about 1770, soon after he had read Montesquieu for the first time and had refreshed himself on Locke, is unsupported and seems improbable, though the philosophical foundations may indeed have been laid by that year. When major crises developed subsequently and great opportunities arose, the mind of Jefferson was always ready. There is clear indication of the development of his ideas about imperial relations and even about abstract rights in his "Summary View," but it is easy to claim too much for the distinctiveness of that pamphlet and its immediate influence on others. By any ordinary standard, the age of thirty-three is early enough for anyone to become a conspicuous champion, and it was at that age that this extraordinary young man drafted the Declaration of Independence. Not even then was he given the sort of praise that has become conventional with Fourth of July orators, and for years the emphasis was rather on the fact that independence had been declared than that an immortal document had been framed.

IT seems safe to say, however, that about 1776 and some fifty years before his own death, this privileged gentleman began to assume that symbolic quality to which, far more than to the range of his interests or to the extraordinary fertility of his mind, his enormous popular appeal must be attributed. Oblivious of the contradictions of his personality which have perplexed the scholars, most people think of him as an ingenious man indeed, but as primarily a dauntless democrat and an unwavering advocate of human freedom.

The common conception of his democracy is not quite in accord with the facts of history and there are special

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dangers in using this term in connection with the early stages of his career. He was never an instinctive democrat of the frontier type, and he never advocated as high a degree of popular rule as did certain leaders of the Jacksonian era; but most Americans think of him simply as the champion of the common man. He became that, unquestionably, and for more than a century his faith in man has been an inspiration wherever his phrases have been heard. It may be unwise to blur the picture by qualifications but there can be no harm in saying that he did not advocate rule by the ignorant as, in effect, many demagogues since his day have done. Not the least of his contributions to the development of American civilization was his emphasis on public education, from the lowest to the highest stages, and for this his countrymen are properly grateful, without fully realizing that he set qualitative standards at all stages save the lowest. Unfortunately, also, they have frequently disappointed his sanguine prophecy that they would choose as their governors men who were wise and good, and only a small minority of them have shared his confidence in the human mind which has so endeared him to men of thought and learning.

HE is most appealing, however, as a symbol of personal liberty, and as such he is most often misunderstood. It is proper that he should be remembered as a foe of tyranny in any guise, but it seems paradoxical that his name should be invoked by both liberals and reactionaries, as upon occasion it has been and doubtless will be again. There can be no question of the liberalism of the mind of Jefferson. In his own day, indeed, he was often described as revolutionary, and his record of opposition to the vested interests of his time is clear. On the other hand, advocates of extreme laissez-faire and a do-nothing government can easily find words of his to support them, especially from the period when he was leading the opposition to Alexander Hamilton. His own practice as President was not wholly consistent with his earlier utterances, and he should not be judged by these alone. Nonetheless, the general impression that emerges from his career as a whole is that he feared the growth of any sort of power and wanted no more government than was necessary. He desired the greatest possible freedom in every field.

In the vast body of occasional writings that Jefferson left, almost anybody can find something that he likes, but the sum total does not constitute a system of philosophy. In the strict sense there was no Jeffersonian doctrine, and if there had been it could not possibly be translated literally into the idiom of our age. What he contributed to his generation and transmitted to posterity was a faith. The policies that he pursued cannot be separated from their times and circumstances; the timeless element in his contribution to his country and to mankind is to be found in the values that he recognized and proclaimed. What he most prized was the free life of the human spirit; the tyrannies that he attacked were those that seemed most menacing in his own day; and the opportunities that he coveted for individuals were not contingent on rank or fortune.

To such a prophetic mind the thought must have occurred that, in the course of a century and more, tyrannies might change their form and have to be attacked by new weapons, that opportunities might have to be provided by new agencies. The idealized agricultural state that he envisaged would be helpless in the present age of power, and its enlightened citizens would doubtless be exploited or enslaved. The alternative of a government strong enough to provide a degree of justice and general well-being within its own borders and to guard itself against foreign foes might be unpalatable to him, but there is no real reason to suppose that, as an intelligent man, he would not adopt it as the lesser of two evils. Of this, however, we may be sure: he would continue to regard government as a means to human happiness and not an end in itself; and he would be irrevocably opposed to such nations and such rulers as value power for its own sake. The Jeffersonian emphasis, therefore, is most salutary at the present moment.

In connection with the peace settlement, it may be safely predicted that some Americans will cite him, along with Washington, as an isolationist for, like other responsible statesmen of their era, they avoided entangling alliances. Such talk will be quite irrelevant, for our times and our country are as different from Jefferson's as the airplane is from the coach he rode in. Suffice it to say, therefore, that of all the major American statesmen between Benjamin Franklin and Woodrow Wilson he was the most internationally minded, and that, despite the fears he voiced in the course of his long and brilliant career, he was preëminently a man of faith and vision.

Jefferson in His Writings

JEFFERSON HIMSELF: The Personal Narrative of a Many-Sided American. Edited by Bernard Mayo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1942. 384 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

OF not a few eminent Americans it may be said that their letters offer the most candid and vivid record of their mature lives. That is true of Jefferson's rival Aaron Burr, whose letters to his daughter Theodosia are particularly revealing. It is true of Daniel Webster, whose vigorous, manly, wide-ranging correspondence, with its many reminiscent bits, and its abundant light on his travels, reading, social life, political associates, and the management of his beloved Marshfield, does as much as his orations to give him a place in American literature. It is true of Charles Sumner; of the two Sherman brothers, John and William Tecumseh; and of Henry Adams. It is almost true of Theodore Roosevelt. But of all our frankly self-expressive letter-writers, Jefferson surely stands first. A man who hated speechmaking, he loved to pour himself out in epistolary form. In 1794 he spoke of "writing ten or twelve letters a day, which I have been in the habit of doing as a thing in course"; and later the volume of his letters increased, while even in old age their warmth, freshness, and manysided interest knew no diminution. It seems strange that Dr. Mayo has been the first to make a connected autobiographical narrative out of this rich correspondence. But the very mass of Jefferson's writings has no doubt daunted many, while earlier students of the letters have been intent on arranging them to illustrate his ideas and principles.

The only grave fault of this well-edited collection is that it is too short. Five hundred pages would have done better justice to Jefferson's versatile mind and eventful career than three hundred and fifty. But within the limits imposed by his publisher, Dr. Mayo has wrought admirably. The arrangement of the book is excellent; strictly chronological, emphasizing the political services and adventures, and fast-paced yet comprehensive. Dr. Mayo entitles his first three chapters "Education of a Virginian," "Young Squire of Monticello," and "Revolutionist"; he then runs down through a dozen more to "Sage of Monticello" and "An American Heritage." He has provided his own captions for the letters and the bits drawn from the "Anas" or "Notes on Virginia," and in the table of contents these captions make an enticing introduction. Take for example, the

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headings under the seventh chapter, that on Jefferson's ministry to France:

> Behold me on the vaunted scene of Europe!—Polite manners and the fine arts—Treaty making with John Adams and Dr. Franklin—Succeeds but does not replace Dr. Franklin —The author of the Declaration meets "mulish" George III — War, not tribute, for the Barbary pirates —The pirates must not capture my dear child—Conquer Livy, my dear Patsy, with American resolution— The day of a Parisienne.

A vast amount of study and indexing obviously went into the assortment of these letters in their new pattern. Repetitions have been avoided. Not a few of the letters have been taken from manuscript sources, so that the book is a positive addition to our knowledge of Jefferson.

This volume ought not only to make Jefferson known to a multitude who have shied away from the collected writings and the formal lives; it ought also to correct mistaken impressions of the man among many who have given his career a good deal of study. Seen in this unstudied revelation of his mind and heart, Jefferson is more attractive than when viewed through his political acts. These pages exhale little of the hot breath of party contention and international controversy. They show, instead, how alien and repugnant to Jefferson were most strifes and broils. In dealing with affairs, as Henry Adams delighted to point out in his great history, Jefferson was often inconsistent and sometimes tortuous. But this collection demonstrates —if demonstration were needed— that in dealing with ideas Jefferson was singularly consistent and straightforward. The keynotes of the letters are spontaneity, versatility, integrity, and (in old age as in youth) a trenchant, tough-minded progressiveness of outlook. Altogether, the Jefferson of the letters is more attractive than the Jefferson of the troubled governorship, of the long duel with Hamilton in Washington's Cabinet, of the two Administrations; and this is beyond question the *real* Jefferson. Everyone who reads the formal record by Channing or Adams, or the lives by Hirst or Chinard, ought also to read this volume—for it contains much that they will otherwise miss.

The versatility of Jefferson is an old story, and comes out vigorously in Dr. Mayo's pages; his interest, intense and often expert, in letters, botany, architecture, music, philosophy, zoölogy, law, etymology, archeology, landscape design, art, and education. But this book shows more clearly than any other that the versatile Mr. Jefferson also took a keen and exuberant interest in—himself!

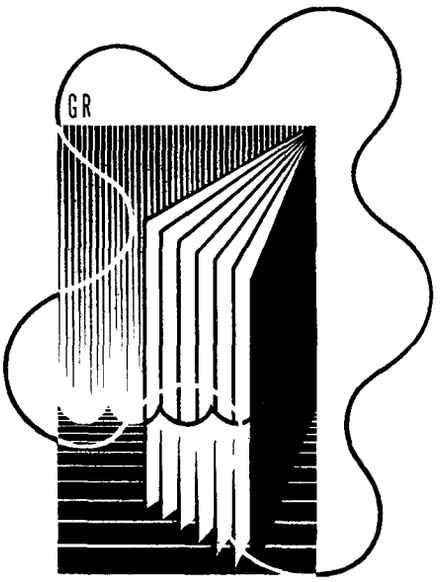
Almanac for Spring Reading

A Guide to Forthcoming Titles

AMY LOVEMAN

April 19

HAIL TO THE Sinclair Lewis of old! In "Gideon Planish" the crusader is again to the fore, setting lance in rest this time against the uplifters and making a thrust now and again against a noted public figure. . . . The criss-cross of European society, breaking up in the throes of a lowering war, is depicted with fine irony, philosophic observation, and psychological understanding in Mark Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal," a novel playing largely in Paris, peopled in the main by Russians, and presented in a translation by Nicholas Wreden which fits the book like a glove the hand. . . . By way of light relief to such solid and purposeful volumes comes Rose Franken's "Another Claudia," a gay book even though its heroine is winning seriousness with the years. . . . Tommy Wadelton, the youngster who leaped to notice with "My Mother Is a Violent Woman," has now reached the sedate age of sixteen years and in "Army Brat" depicts the progress of a lad who grows up to be a lieutenant of the United Air Forces, takes unto himself a wife, and pays a debt of gratitude he owes. . . . When you get through reading Jane Bowles's "Two Serious Ladies," you'll be very likely to think that all the world's crazy save you and me who put you on your guard as to what to expect. . . . If you're out for passion and murder, James M. Cain's "Three of a Kind" is your meat—three short novels, swift and outspoken, make it up. . . . But if on the other hand you're in somber mood, perplexed by the troubles of the times, try James Marshall's "The Freedom to Be Free," which offers interesting suggestions as to how to forward the course of peace by extending functional democracy.



April 20

LOVE OF MUSIC and art, acquaintance with great literature, a circle of friends which includes persons of note and achievement certainly conduce to "The Complete Life," as John Erskine demonstrates in a volume part autobiography, part appreciation and interpretation, and all of it interesting. . . . War claims this date for its own with Betty Wason's stirring and tragic narrative of Greece under the assault of the invader, "Miracle in Hellas"; Harry Paxton Howard's "America's Role in Asia," a many-faceted description of politics and revolution in the Orient; Phyllis Argall's "My Life with the Enemy," which depicts a woman correspondent's experiences in Japan, Reed Kinnert's lavishly illustrated record of all "America's Fighting Planes in Action" today, and Ann Leighton's "While We Are Absent," the chronicle of an American woman's effort to keep the home fires burning while her English husband is in service abroad.

April 21

MORE NARRATIVES of the war. Alan Moorehead, in an eye-witness account of a winter campaign in Africa and of the Cripps mission in India, reviews the source and the character of Allied mistakes in the Middle East and India in "Don't Blame the Generals." . . . "Last Man Off Wake Island," Lieut.-Col. Walter L. J. Bayler (with the assistance of a ghost) tells the tale of his experiences at Wake Island, Midway, and Guadalcanal. . . . Revolutionary Mexico, from 1910 to 1942, makes a panoramic progress through the pages of Anita Brenner's "The Wind That Swept Mexico" for which George R. Leighton has supplied a large number of historical photographs. . . . High jinks in the detective story field, with Joseph Shearing's "Airing in a Closed Carriage," based on the Maybrick murder case, a new Mr. and Mrs. North story, "Death Takes a Bow," by Frances and Richard Lockridge, and Helen McCloy's "Do Not Disturb." There's a trio of tales to keep good men and true from their sleep. . . . An-

(*Continued on page* 10)

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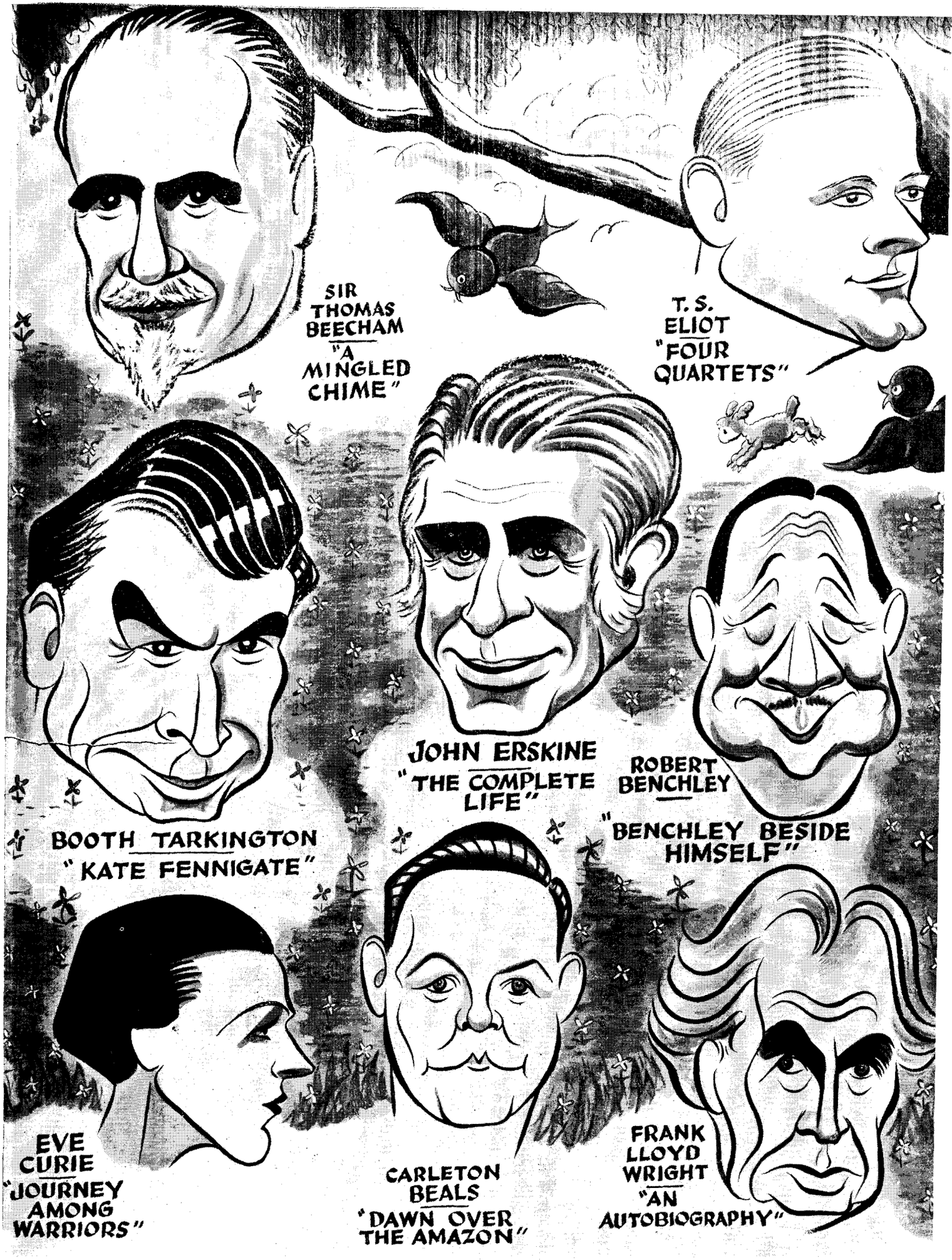
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM "A MINGLED CHIME"
T. S. ELIOT "FOUR QUARTETS"
JOHN ERSKINE "THE COMPLETE LIFE"
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Some Authors Th

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—*SRL Drawings by Pierotti*

loom in the Spring

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(*Continued from page* 7)

other book, of far different sort, to disturb one's dreams, is Carey McWilliams's "Brothers under the Skin," a carefully documented study of America's discrimination against Negroes, Indians, and other colored races. . . .

April 22

LOVERS of "Mr. Chips" take notice. There's a new tale, full of sentiment and sales possibilities, by James Hilton, which tells "The Story of Dr. Wassell," an American Navy physician who evacuated a group of wounded American sailors from Java and won the Navy Cross for gallantry for his achievement. Born for the movies. . . . For that week-end when you are assured sufficient freedom from interruption to settle down to a long novel, Caroline Slade supplies "Lilly Crackell" which carries its heroine, about to become a mother at the age of fourteen, through twenty years of devoted and self-sacrificing existence. . . . War and love and impending doom are woven into the fabric of an interesting tale with philosophic overtones in Royce Brier's "Last Boat from Beyrouth." . . . Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine" provides enough fancy to give a fillip to fact for those who like their history in novelized form and enough fact to offset the fiction for those who prefer their chronicles of the past unadulterated.

April 23

USING THE soothsayer who helped to guide Hitler's decisions in the thirties as central character, and the festering Berlin of the post-war period as setting, Lion Feuchtwanger sends on its way a powerful and perturbing novel, "Double, Double, Toil and Trouble." . . . In Erskine Caldwell's "Georgia Boy," another chronicle of family, life with father wears its rue with a difference. . . . With men dying all over the world to maintain it, "Freedom Forgotten and Remembered," by Helmut Kuhn, is a highly appropriate tract for the times. . . . The battlegrounds of freedom, England, Free France, Russia, Africa, America, the Near and Far East, with their leaders, their peoples, their problems, and their bitter struggle are blent into a rich and variegated tapestry in Eve Curie's vivacious "Journey among Warriors." . . .

April 26

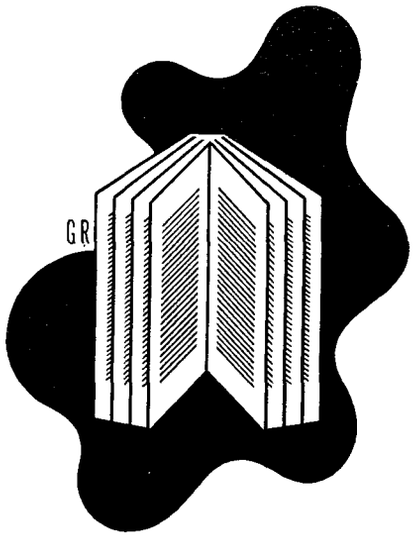
FOR THOSE whom the war has made Australia-minded (and who is not?), Xavier Herbert's long, robust, and vigorous "Capricornia," the novel of a frontier community in the north of that continent and in particular of the attempt of a half-caste to carve out a life for himself in a society of mixed races, should make engrossing reading. . . . Occupied France is the scene of a sensitive and affecting story in Vladimir Posner's "First Harvest." . . . The R.A.F. itself vouches for Walt Disney's yarn of the mischevious doings of that busy little folk, "The Gremlins," whom he has already shown at their antics in a motion picture. . . . All the elements for popularity are mixed in Elliot Paul's "Summer in December" with its spy hunts, its Chilean background, its American business men, and its feminine secret agent (the female of the species is more deadly than the male). . . . For those who want to read not fiction but of it, Edward Wagenknecht's comprehensive "Cavalcade of the English Novel" ought to fill the bill. . . . And James Lansdale Hooson's "War in the Sun" is an enlightening and interesting book for those who wish to get an intelligent foreign correspondent's slant on events in Africa, the Near East, India, and Burma during the past two years. . . .

April 27

BOOKS RUNNING thin on this day, the most interesting among them being two in the excellent What You Should Know series, "What You Should Know about Army Ground Forces," by Lieut.-Col. Joseph I. Greene, editor of the *Infantry Journal,* and "What You Should Know about Spies and Saboteurs," by Will Irwin, ace correspondent of the last war, and Thomas M. Johnson. . . .

April 28

THE PROLIFIC Mr. John Erskine having delivered himself of an autobiographical commentary a few days previous now produces an entertaining adventure story in "The Voyage of Captain Bart." . . . Circulating libraries take notice—there's love, and adventure, and political and religious complications with a good seasoning of seventeenth century English history in Theda Kenyon's "The Golden Feather." . . . The Gremlins again, this time "The Gremlins of Lieutenant Oggins," in an amusing tale by Irwin Shapiro. . . . Walter Duranty, veteran correspondent from Russia, writes in "U.S.S.R." a history of Soviet Russia from its birth to the present day which supplements its factual annals with the impressions and analysis of an eye-witness. . . .



April 29

JAMES BURNHAM, author of "The Managerial Revolution," puts out another challenging and controversial book in "The Machiavellians: Defenders of Freedom." . . . The exploits of the British Navy and Merchant Marine in the present war get vivid presentation in Stanley Rogers's "Enemy in Sight!" . . .

April 30

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, versatile as he is gifted, proves a musician can be a delightful raconteur as well as a stirring composer and conductor in his autobiography, "A Mingled Chime," a book full of amusing incident, entertaining anecdote, and vivid vignettes of the celebrated. . . . Isabel Paterson, known to *Herald Tribune* readers as a doughty disputant on political and economic matters, has her vigorous say on the "American heritage" in "The God of the Machine." . . . John Temple Graves discusses the past, present, and future of "The Fighting South" in a book of that name. . . . The toast of Victorian England, the beautiful Jennie Jerome of New York who became the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill and the mother of Winston, exercises her charms again in René Kraus's "Young Lady Randolph." . . . Almost on the dot for the opening of the baseball season comes Frank Graham's "The New York Yankees," a discursive history of the club from 1903 to the present day. . . .

May 3

CONSTANTIN JAFFE, a badly wounded French soldier who was repatriated after incarceration in an Austrian camp, publishes the first account of life in a Nazi military prison in "We Were Free." . . . Robert Greenwood, in "The Squad Goes Out," tells the story of an ambulance squad during the British blitz. . . .

May 4

A NEW TALE by that master writer on the sea, C. S. Forester, entitled "The Ship." . . .

May 5

AN OUTSTANDING novel is Harper's "Find," Betty Smith's "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," which despite crudenesses and obvious faults has freshness, vigor, and understanding. . . . Duff Cooper writes the biography of "David," King of Israel, lawgiver, poet, soldier, and lover. . . . Posthumous publication of Gustavus Myers's "History of Bigotry in the United States," a scholarly work and one which should buttress its readers against intoler-

(*Continued on page* 51)

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The Education of Wendell Willkie

The 31,000-Mile Odyssey of a Humanist

ONE WORLD. By Wendell L. Willkie. New York: Simon & Shuster. 1943. 206 *pp.* $2 (*paper bound,* $1).

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

TO many who, as youngsters, read Jules Verne, "Round the World in 49 Days" will seem a title which Wendell Willkie might have used for his absorbing and important book. Such a title would have been both inaccurate and incomplete: inaccurate because actual flying time for the journey of 31,000 miles was no more than 164 hours, and incomplete because Mr. Willkie is publicist rather than reporter.

But what a journey! Puerto Rico, Brazil, across the southern Atlantic, up the African continent to Egypt, General Montgomery and his army, Palestine, Syria, General de Gaulle, Iraq, and Turkey. Moscow, Stalin, and the Russian front. Siberia, China, the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Siberia again, the Bering Sea, Alaska, Canada, and home. Lord Salisbury's advice to study large scale maps now has a new meaning.

Mr. Willkie is an engaging reporter, partly because he is an engaging personality who really likes people, and partly because he knows the right questions to ask. What he learned has been thought through so that there are no evidences in the book of enthusiasms that time will make transient or of judgments that seem half-baked. But the book is more than a travelogue or a report on places and persons, both eminent and obscure. It is a tract for the times, sincerely and persuasively written. The theme is one which will not be unfamiliar to those who have heard or read Mr. Willkie's speeches, but here on the printed page it seems to have greater urgency.

Yeast is working everywhere in the world. Reconstruction must be something more than restoration. The "profound and violent changes" in the lives of the peoples in the Middle East will be greater in the next ten years than in the last ten centuries. Unless we learn to work with Russia after the war there can be no peace. If we fear it is because of weakness. "The best answer to Communism is a living, vibrant, fearless Democracy—economic, social, and political." That is essential also, although Mr. Willkie does not argue it, in respect of the peoples of the occupied countries. They cannot admire parliamentary government as it has worked or failed to work in the past. It was indifferent to emerging international gangsters and even eager to make terms with them. Its preparations for conflict were laggard. It dallied with domestic problems, until, for a second time in a generation, war proved to be a governmental activity that could abolish unemployment.

What Mr. Willkie saw in China seemed to him to mark the end of an era—"the era in which 400,000,000 Chinese could be kicked around by any army, Japanese, English, or American for that matter." Everywhere he

—*From the book.*

Wendell Willkie saw the end of an era everywhere he went.

found a "gigantic reservoir of good will toward us, the American people." The most important reason for its existence is the knowledge that the United States does not seek to impose its rule on others or to demand special privileges. But we shall have to be careful that by action—or inaction—we do not permit the reservoir to dry up. Underlying the argument is a premise which might well have been made less inarticulate: that it is in *our* interest that the people of the Middle East do not revolt under some fanatic leader; that the reconstruction of China will aid in reconstructing American economic life, and that Russia must understand us, as well as we understand Russia.

Everywhere men are tortured by fears that for a second time the peace will be lost. Incredible sacrifice will be made eagerly if only men can "see some hope that those sacrifices will prove worth while." Both the Atlantic Charter and Mr. Stalin seem to Mr. Willkie to err fatally in not ruling out any recreation of small European countries as economic units. "Political internationalism without economic internationalism," Mr. Willkie declares, "is a house built upon sand." The last settlement failed because it did not take adequate account of the pressing needs of the Far East and did not seek a solution of economic problems. For America, when the cease firing order comes, there will be three choices: narrow nationalism, which "means the ultimate loss of our own liberty"; international imperialism, which means "the sacrifice of some other nation's liberty"; or the creation of a world with "equality of opportunity for every race and every nation." He is convinced that the American people will choose the last of these courses but he is profoundly worried because those in high places have not made more definite the promises by which men live and for which they will fight.

The insufficiently articulate statesmen may derive adventitious comfort from what a great colonial administrator said a half a century ago: "The fulfillment of the professions made by a nation in the act of going to war is not in common human practice—whatever ought to be the case in an ideal world—apt to be rigidly exacted of the same nation at the moment of victory. In the heat and flurry of a resort to arms, and under the natural impulse to justify so extreme a measure, much is aways promised which, even if intended, it is afterwards found impossible to perform; and such nonperformance is, within reasonable limits, readily condoned by the public opinion of mankind." With this view of Lord Milner, Mr. Willkie is in decided disagreement, but it is disagreement that is urbanely stated. The persuasiveness of his tract for the times is increased by the fact that, *l'affaire Darlan* apart, there is no rehashing of old controversies and no criticism of men in office.

Perhaps Mr. Willkie will not persuade many New Dealers that they should want him as President, but he may make most of them favor him as a candidate, even though he would be the most formidable one his party could put up. Up until now Mr. Willkie's unorthodoxy has paid and perhaps it will pay again. He has gone a great distance since the campaign of 1940—such a great distance, indeed, that sometimes he may think of Lord Eldon's remark: "If I were to begin life again, damn my eyes, I would begin as an agitator."

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Eminence in a Russian Novel

The Lineal Descent of a Lofty Tradition

THE FIFTH SEAL. By Mark Aldanov. Translated by Nicholas Wreden. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 482 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THE acknowledged supremacy of Russian literature is built on unfeigned veracity, a keen understanding of the diversity in human conduct, the ability to penetrate into the conflicting currents within the soul of individual man, an all-embracing humanity, and finally the courage to bring within the scope of fiction all general problems, national and international, that would interest the people in the novel. The primacy of "War and Peace" derives from these qualities. Tolstoy never hesitated to discuss any topic, whether the government approved or not, or reveal the strife within himself or in any one of his characters. His favorite general Kutuzov, who defeated Napoleon, is portrayed not only as a military genius but as a man with all the weaknesses that flesh is heir to. This is equally true of Pierre whom the great realist created in his own image. Tolstoy's avowed pacifism or mysticism could not induce him to ascribe his own viewpoint to those who did not share his philosophy.

"The Fifth Seal" is in the lineal descent of this lofty tradition. Its dominant spirit is sincerity and an almost paternal affection for the people described. The reader becomes aware of this Russian quality very soon after he enters the private car of the train which carries the Soviet ambassador Kangarov and his party from Moscow to his assignment in some European capital, and meets Kangarov, his wife Helen, his very young and altogether charming secretary Nadia, the old Bolshevik and incurable idealist Wislicemus, the Czarist general who is now in the employ of the Soviet Government, Tamarin. They are all real people whose individual characteristics refute the straight-jacket psychology often ascribed to Soviet citizens. There is no goose-step precision about them. They love, hate, and have their moments of disillusionment like other folks, but they never falter in their loyalty to Russia.

Wislicemus, the most cultivated and sensitive of the group, is the old warrior who finds it difficult to stifle the idealist within himself. He lived and worked with Lenin in exile days and still worships his memory. But in his mind (he never gives tongue to his disillusionment and would damn anyone who did) Wislicemus disapproves of the turn the revolution has taken in Soviet Russia. Nevertheless the Communist within him is always the victor. After a moment's mental conflict he reasons:

> In a tremendous undertaking of this kind, noble, unselfish people have to work side by side with fortune-hunters. But only a petty and distorted mind can draw from this the conclusion that the undertaking itself is not good. Hangers-on like that (Kangarov) can be found in any camp, but the very cause of our enemies is rotten.

Despite this rational viewpoint Wislicemus cannot reconcile himself to the presence of ordinary mortals in the

Mark Aldanov refutes the straight-jacket psychology often ascribed to Soviet citizens.

garden of his dream. He is unable to liquidate the memory of the non-existent perfect man whom he and Lenin created in their early revolutionary period. But it never occurs to him that the real cause of his aversion for Kangarov is jealousy centering around Nadia.

Or, rather, idealism plus Nadia, as we see from Nadia's first appearance in the corridor of the railway car: Wislicemus "feels a sharp pain in his heart" and recoils. "What sort of foolishness is this? What can she possibly mean to me?" But his effort to check his emotions does not prevent him from noticing that she is very attractive and wishing that he, an elderly and physically broken man, had more than the three years to live which the doctors allow. Wislicemus is irritated because his own "Nadia dear" sounds so much like Kangarov's "my child," though in the matter of health and age he can have less claim on Nadia's affection than Kangarov. Both men try to persuade themselves that their love for the secretary is not what it really is, the spell cast upon elderly men by a young girl. Nadia is to Kangarov and Wislicemus, and later to Tamarin, what the heroine of Gorky's "Twenty-six and One" is to the hard working journeymen in the cellar bakery. She is like a breath of their own youth, and the only one in the group who has no pre-revolutionary past to disturb her peace. Nadia is completely free of fear or disillusionment and her love for Soviet Russia is not clouded by the shadow of a doubt. All the perfumes of Paris will not persuade her that the City of Light has anything better to offer than Moscow.

Personal relations become involved in the respective official duties of the men and weave their way into Kangarov's diplomatic affairs and into the Soviet secret service with which Wislicemus is connected. In following their activities one gets a glimpse of Hitler's Germany and a brief but revealing view of Spain during the civil war, but the real scene of the novel is Paris and its environs.

It is in Paris that it becomes evident that Aldanov is at home not only among his Russian co-patriots. He is equally at ease among the people of France. The entire scene in the salon of Countess de Bellacombe and the profile of the eminent lawyer Cerisier are fine realism. But all his preceding people, interesting and truly human as they are, Russian or French, recede in importance after the appearance of the celebrated French writer, Louis-Etienne Vermandois.

Vermandois is the very embodiment of French culture, French intelligence and temperament. He is erudite, esthetic, sensitive, often sardonic in his metaphors, but his biting satire is frequently tempered by a delightful sense of humor. His genuine sympathy with Communism is at constant odds with his Gallic individualism, just as his effort on a lower plane to follow doctor's instructions in the matter of rich food and drink is in conflict with his love for food and wine. Vermandois's inconsistencies and foibles merely complete the portrait of a superbly interesting personality who is essentially kind and not lacking in worthy principles.

In "The Fifth Seal" a Russian writer lifts the novel to the eminence of the Tolstoyan era. Nicholas Wreden is to be congratulated on his remarkable achievement in translation from the original Russian.

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Hervey Allen's Cornerstone

The First Block in a Six-Story Structure

THE FOREST AND THE FORT. By Hervey Allen. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 344 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

HERVEY ALLEN has set himself a huge and epic task, a stirring one: the writing of six long, closely connected, historical novels, of which this, "The Forest and the Fort," is the first. They will deal with something like a hundred years of our history; in round numbers, from the middle of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth; the years in which the idea of America as a separate country emerged, took shape, was fought for and won, and the subsequent years of crucial importance during which this idea grew from provincialism to continentalism and was molded into more or less the shape in which we now know it.

Bernard DeVoto in his recent book, "The Year of Decision," has given a stirring picture of this latter development.

Already the outlines of Hervey Allen's epic project are known. The next two volumes, "Bedford Village" and "City in the Dawn," are written, and will sometime after publication be bound together into a single volume to be called "Sylvania." The last three volumes will also eventually appear together under the title "Richfield Springs." Finally, all six will be republished as "The Disinherited."

This is an excellent idea; sooner or later Hervey Allen and his publishers, Farrar and Rinehart, are going to catch a lot of Americans and rub their noses in a hundred years of the history of their own country so that they will at least know something of what it is all about.

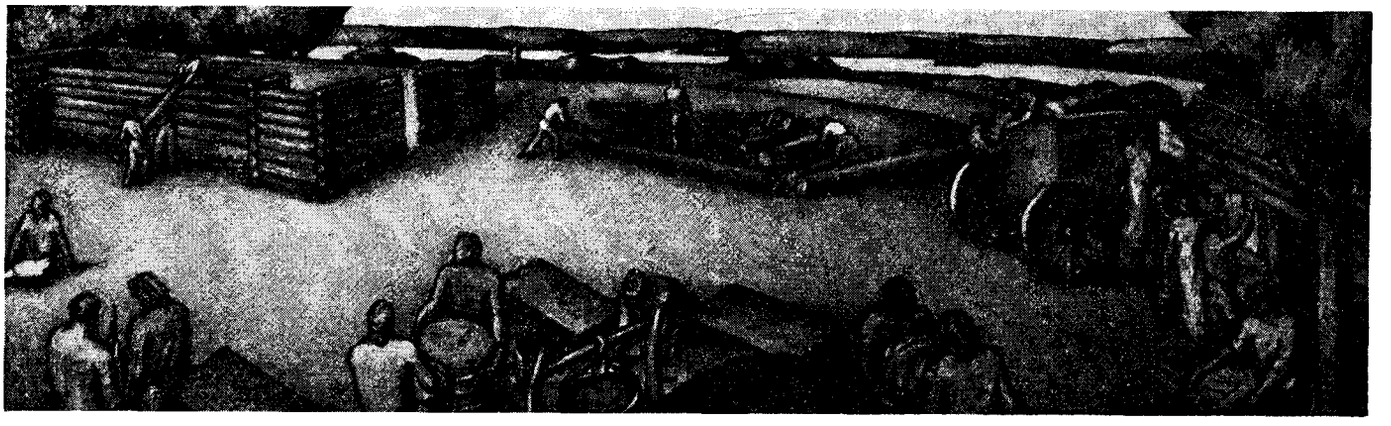
This first volume, "The Forest and the Fort," explains itself in its title, and has much the quality of a prelude, an overture. Indeed, it has, although so different, something of the quality of The Nibelungen Ring, the opening operas. And as you read, this impression grows. You hear the *Wald-Weben* continually, and very lively to the forest-lover it is.

Nominally, the story is the story of a huge young man, Salathiel Albine, who, the son of Lemuel Albine, blacksmith, and the grandson of the Rev. Abijah Albine, early divine of Norwalk, Conn., is stolen by the Shawnees and brought up by them after they have massacred his mother and father. They take him West, into the almost untouched forests of western Pennsylvania where, before many years are out, war between France and England for possession of this continent is to focus around Fort Pitt. Salathiel, renamed Little Turtle, grows up as an Indian, wise in the ways of war, hunting and finding his way, but there are two influences which prevent him from forgetting entirely his heritage; the Rev. James McArdle, a wandering missionary, and Salathiel's mentor and best friend among the Shawnees, Nymwha, a medicine man. Nymwha, far visioned, sees that in the long run the Indian is fighting a losing battle against the slow advance—at the moment, hardly more than an infiltration into the great forest—of the whites, and he advises Salathiel to return to his own people, the English and Americans concentrated around Fort Pitt. This Salathiel does and meets Capt. Simeon Ecuyer, a Swiss soldier of fortune, temporarily in command of the fort, and the most engaging character in the book; a scholar, a philosopher, an aristocrat, and an illumined democrat and liberal. Salathiel becomes his valet, and finally a great soldier himself against the beleaguering Indians and the French.

But Hervey Allen is a poet; that is the way he began, and that is the way he looked at life, and poets—good ones—are among the most fundamental and clearsighted of people, although seldom recognized as such until after they are dead. They have been in their own way the most accurate of historians, and a historian who is in no sense a poet can never be accurate. History is made not by men acting from some inherent quality residing within them, nor is it made by men acted upon by great mass tendencies of which they are the helpless victims. Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" is no more wrong than Karl Marx's "Das Kapital," and both are wrong because both are only half of the story.

Poets know that life is indivisible and threefold, and is the spirit of man, conditioned by inheritance, tradition, and blood, acting upon environment which is the present, and which, since there is always action and reaction, reacts upon the spirit. Three—the Trinity, the most mystic of the numbers—has always been in the minds of men, and poets are among the few who never forget it. The intellectual for a long time has denied the spirit, and we are now witnessing the results. The ordinary man and woman still cling to the ancient delusion that they are saved or lost by heroes, military or political, and modern Germany is an example of this. If the world is to be saved it will be only by the activated and informed spirits of the majority.

So, knowing this, Hervey Allen has made the real protagonist of his book the American forest and the American land; something the English novelist and the Russian novelist have known for a long time, and which gives the English novel and the Russian novel a texture and lasting importance which have been lacking in the American novel for the past fifty years but which are now reappearing as in "The Forest and the Fort." Or, rather, the



—From the mural by John F. Holmer.

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American forest and the American land are co-protagonists, if you can use the word in that way, and the huge figure of young Salathiel Albine is the third protagonist; the figure of the American making his way through the dim forest and finally subduing it.

The forest to the American is like the sea to the English, and all American life and thinking have been conditioned by it, and are still conditioned by it. If you fly over America you are astonished by what a huge forest preserve we still are and, our laws now being sensible, will always be. The typical American house is made of wood, and the instinctive American dislike of walls around his house and too close crowding trees, is an inheritance from the time when walls and trees, unless you constantly manned the former, were lurking places for the original owners of the forest.

Inevitably the first short chapter of "The Forest and the Fort," in reality a foreword, is called "Genesis," and begins:

> In the beginning was the forest. God made it and no man knew the end of it. It was not new. It was old; ancient as the hills it covered. Those who first entered it saw it had been there since the beginning of habitable time. There were rivers in it and distant mountains; birds, beasts, and the mysterious villages of red men. The trees were vast, round, and countless; columns of the roof of heaven. The place beneath was endlessly aisled. There were green glades where the deer fed and looked at the buffalo; trails that went back into the animal time. There were valleys where the clouds lay and no man came there; caves where the wolves mated; peaks where the panther screamed.

But there is always, of course, an ever present danger in the epic treatment and the epic point of view. One, unless careful, is likely to become too portentous; too grave and priest-like. Hervey Allen has a magnificent sense of the picaresque and a dry sense of humor and these made the charm and humanity of "Anthony Adverse." They are both frequently present in "The Forest and the Fort," especially in such characters as the female waif "Bustle" McQuiston and in the chapter in which young Mr. Erskine of the Highland Detachment stationed at Fort Pitt explains to a court-martial how he happened to turn out for a midnight alarm clothed in nothing but a spontoon, or, in other words, a demi-pike carried by infantry officers in those days. There is, however, a slight tendency in the book, never present in "Anthony Adverse," to lose sight of the forest of human behavior, almost always funny, especially when the actors are unaware, in the trees of the epic.

Twentieth-Century Troubadour

BOUND FOR GLORY. By Woody Guthrie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 428 pp. $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

ONCE in a great while somebody comes along who is a born artist, a "natural," from whose blood and bones that ill-defined, almost magic quality we call art flows as easily as breathing. It does something to words or lines, pigments or notes which evokes in others a profound, yet equally ill-defined, response. But only critics thirst after precise definitions. Art is connotative; so much so that the "natural" is apt to say, "Who, me? Hell no!"

Woody Guthrie needs no rules to make the language sing.

Woody Guthrie would shrink from the word like a cat from a shower of sparks. But born artist he is, whether he is singing songs or making pictures or putting down words in a story. What distinguishes his first book, "Bound for Glory," is the almost perfect fusion of form and content, and the quality of value which gives that content meaning. Like Whitman, Guthrie believes in people.

Much of the raw material is not new. We have read before of migrant fruit pickers, Western ghost towns, hobo jungles, and riding the rails. Many books have been written about the submerged one-third of America, about the insulted and injured dwelling in this broad land. But through Guthrie's eyes these things take on a new, poignant, and yet hopeful meaning, and a flesh-and-blood vitality. Cruelty and prejudice, desperation and critical misfortune are all there, and the fighting and gouging, and the sanctimonious smugness lurking among the comfortably-off. But so are friendship and inarticulate kindness and self-respect and, above all, fellow-feeling.

Guthrie is a singing man. He is the twentieth-century troubadour whose subject is not the deeds of princes but the dreams of people. Born in the Midwest, which is too small to hold him, he roams from coast to coast, working and playing his guitar and singing for his supper. The songs are made out of what he sees and knows and feels; they are the living folksongs of America.

The same quality pervades the book. It is completely American, twentieth-century American, in feeling, in experience, in idealism and humor and rhythm. Through it one sees again the disjointedness, the inarticulation, of modern life; but—and this is so rare as to be very nearly unique—the author is not disjointed. He does not know all the answers, but he knows the right questions, and he has an unassailable grasp of the values which lead to the right answers.

The book is extremely readable and extremely graphic. The battle-royal between the two gangs of Woody's boyhood, the incident of the kittens, his mother's maddening fear of fire, the long freight-train rides, the cops who ran him out of a California town, and Radio City's Rainbow Room, which he ran out on—they are told so vividly that they pound with life.

Guthrie does wonderful things with language. Like all top-rank artists, he does not need rules. The words sing and, what is more, they say what he means. "I drew my muscles down into just a little pile of meat and bones." "Rougher than a cob. Wilder than a woodchuck. Hotter than a depot stove. Madder than nine hundred dollars." "Dirt was the floor of the house, and . . . bugs come and went like they were getting paid for it." "I set my hat on the back of my head and walked out west from Redding." "There was big drops of sweat standing out on my forehead and my fingers didn't feel like they was mine. I was floating in high finances, sixty-five stories above the ground, leaning my elbow on a stiff-looking tablecloth as white as a runaway ghost."

Guthrie's principal gift is a great, unselfconscious, penetrating simplicity. In his writing, it falters only occasionally, when he is trying to formulate philosophy, or to force a contrast. If he can preserve unspoiled the magnificent simplicity of the means he instinctively chooses, there is no limit to what he can do. In any case, "Bound for Glory" is the real thing; it is an incomparable hunk of American life, and a landmark in American literature.

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The Achievement of Dr. Carver

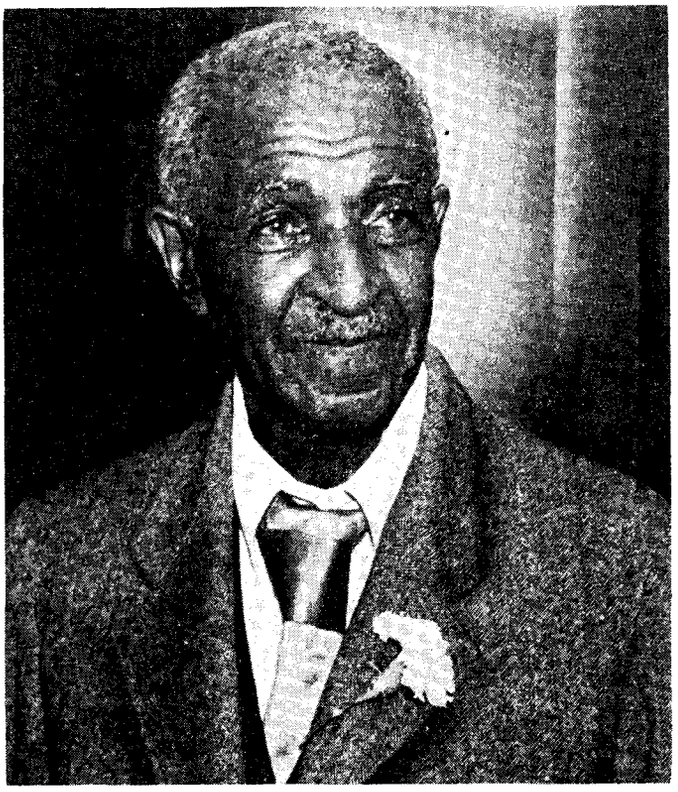
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER. An American Biography. By Rackham Holt. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 342 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NO more remarkable American ever lived than George Washington Carver. That is a strong statement to make, but the facts bear it out. He was born of a slave mother and stolen as a babe with her by bushwhackers from the home that sheltered them, near Diamond, Missouri, during the last period of the Confederacy. To that home he, but not his mother, returned. He made his own way from the time he was ten years old, when he left his foster home in search of schooling. Of that he had astonishingly little in view of his extraordinary achievements. He did study at the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, was graduated from it in 1894, and promptly appointed assistant botanist in the agricultural station connected with the college and put in charge of the greenhouses. There was no postgraduate course for him at some great Eastern university and no visits to laboratories abroad. That made no difference. He was actually beyond the need of more training of a formal kind for he had from childhood "a magic way with growing things," so that the neighbors called this eight- or nine-year old boy "The Plant Doctor," and he went from house to house at that tender age prescribing correctly for ailing plants. His genius was born in him, and with it he had a faultless memory, the inquiring, scientific mind, and the extraordinary ability to do well everything that he attempted. He was even a remarkable painter, especially of the plants which he knew and with which he worked. Some of these paintings are recognized as classics by artists and painters alike.

Like all great men, he had wisdom, vision, and intuitive understanding—in his case not only of the plant world in which he was master, but of the human beings with whom he came into touch. He was a born teacher, too, with most rare ability to illustrate and illuminate his teaching by homely examples, by quaint phrases suited to the simple Negro children and farmers whom he taught. He never lost his sense of humor or the sweetness that marked him, and if ever a man walked the path of humility it was he. Never would he admit that he was a great man, but he completely consecrated his own life to the pursuit of knowledge, to the service of his own people, and to the advancement of his entire country.

And so it came about that when he died he was full of honors and it was admitted that he was preëminent in his own field and known around the world. He had done more to wean the South in which he labored from the destructive tyranny of the one-crop policy than any other human being. No one else has even approached him in the wealth that he created through the medium of his discoveries. Yet he never would profit by a single invention or a single device. Others might make millions out of some of his achievements, but not he. There was something Christlike in the way in which he concentrated his whole life upon doing good. Perhaps there was an inner urge that dictated this; so he denied himself a wife and family and gave away about everything that he acquired, buying secondhand clothes and often going around in rags in order to put back into his library or laboratory, or Tuskegee itself, as much of the money paid to him as he possibly could. His original laboratory at Tuskegee he built out of odds and ends of broken crockery and what he found on scrap heaps. He had the most remarkable hands and with them he created without end. Here was a superlative botanist, a teacher of great stature, an extraordinary inventor, and a profound scientist, and an unexcelled pioneer in the application of chemistry to industry—all of this combined in one human being born a slave!



George Washington Carver was no exception to prove a rule.

Yes, this man was a Negro and a black one, so that no one could say of him, as Southerners love to say of any colored man who rises far, that it was because of the white blood in his veins. He was the greatest challenge to the Southern race philosophy that ever lived. He was proof that no one can tell where and how and under what skin, or under what circumstances, the next genius will appear. He is still a constant warning to the South of the talents that the Southern caste lines destroy year in, year out. Still the assertion runs that George Washington Carver was a freak, a mere exception to prove the rule that the Negro can never be on equal terms in his achievements with the whites.

All of this beautiful life Mrs. Holt has set forth with taste and discrimination, with real understanding, and the appreciation due to her own friendship with Dr. Carver, and the clearest knowledge of what he was and how he rose and of all with which he had to contend. It is a touching book, moving in its subject, and moving in the subject's portrayal. At times one feels that too much attention was given to his boyhood days, and that more space might have been given to tell the reader more about some of the industrial results of this one man's achievements—not that they are neglected, but that the romance of Dr. Carver's accomplishments creates a thirst for more and more knowledge of what he achieved. As it is, it is a record incredibly great—unsurpassed.

I can think of no book published in recent years that has a greater claim to be placed in every school in the United States. The author's work merits it, and the subject is compelling. It was not written as a tract and reads not at all like one. Yet, as an antidote to the unutterably stupid racephobia which is at this very moment making doubtful the final victory of the United Nations, it is priceless. The best thing that can be said about it is that it embodies much of the philosophy of Dr. Carver himself.

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Dickens Distilled

How to Lose Size Without Losing Stature

STEPHEN LEACOCK

ONE can imagine how Charles Dickens would have raved and fumed at the idea that any one could have had the effrontery to make a "digest" of his work. It would have seemed as presumptious as offering to Moses a digest of his Ten Commandments. . . . And this, indeed, is the attitude of mind in which many of us, lifelong lovers of Dickens, approach the idea. This is—to use a term unknown in Dickens's day—our first "reaction" to it, or from it. Yet we have to admit that not only has Mrs. Aswell* attempted this daring task but has achieved it.

Here is the immortal Pickwick humiliated into a hundred large print pages and yet Pickwick. . . . Here is Oliver Twist, with less tears but enough, in fact, plenty; Martin Chuzzlewit foreshortened in perspective, but still, in a way, all there, and here is David Copperfield, though it doesn't seem possible, explaining himself in only two hundred pages of large print. The secret is that Mrs. Aswell has not in any way altered Dickens or rewritten Dickens. She has not "digested" him by leaving things out. She has not added a syllable. . . . And the text of Dickens, we only whisper it among ourselves and refuse to acknowledge it to outsiders, can stand having some of it left out.

But no,—we no sooner say that than we must take it back again in part. The fault is not all with Dickens; the fault is mainly with the lapse of time. Literature passes and changes: each generation has its own modes and methods which in the main are wearisome to those who follow. Moreover, this is especially so in an age of such rapid mechanical changes as the last hundred years. People accustomed to movie pictures where life and death flicker past at the pace of 186,000 thousand miles a second find stagecoach literature slow.

This mutation of the forms of literature is a thing not fully recognized by the colleges and the academic authorities. If Shakespeare came alive again I don't think any publisher would let him put out a folio play called "George VI," meaning the European War; nor Dante a new picture of Hell with new dress circles; nor Milton a new Paradise Lost with a group of devils discussing the United States tariff. Indeed, instead of that, Shakespeare would have been making moving pictures, and Milton lecturing at Princeton.

ONE asks, what would have been Dickens's objection to a digest of his work? Well, in the first instance, there would be the natural repugnance of an author, great or small, in the case of Dickens a monomania, to see any alteration made in his work,—"a poor thing but mine own." Isaac Newton was very touchy about the (Latin) text of his "Principia." He wanted it such that it couldn't possibly be understood by people who couldn't possibly understand it. As a result, there is nothing left of it now except "Digests" to make it clear: no one reads the text. But not even Dickens could have foreseen that even tediousness takes on new forms. We can (our best authors can) be far more tedious than he is. But we have our own way of being tedious and his way is out of date. Granted then that Dickens can be, and may be, digested, let us ask, like Peter Piper with the peck of pepper,—how the thing is picked.

It would be interesting if a poll of Dickens people, those to whom Dickens's works have been a part of their lives, could be taken, to see how far they would endorse the selection of these four books, "David Copperfield," "Oliver Twist," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Pickwick Papers," as best fitted to represent his work. "Pickwick," I am sure, would be ratified by acclamation. It is, in a sense, in the kind of paradoxical sense that Mr. Chesterton used to love, Dickens's only book—that is, the only book of this particular Dickens. In fact, I can imagine that Chesterton would have gone so far as to say, "We mustn't say that Dickens wrote 'Pickwick': it is more accurate to put it that 'Pickwick' wrote Dickens."

—*Illustrations from the book.*

In other words, as soon as Dickens, to use his own off-quoted phrase, had "thought of Mr. Pickwick," the character took hold of him and showed him how to do it. But he never did it again. Dickens, like all the rest of us, was fascinated by the things he couldn't do. He loved "plot," and he wanted it as tangled as seaweed and as dark as sin. This came in part from his earlier theatre going, his craze for melodrama, and in part from the spirit of his age. . . . Dickens's plots grew and darkened till in the later books he had them all to himself. The reader let the plot go, content with the characters, skipping the shadow to read in the sunlight, fully prepared to have everybody turn out at the end to be somebody else.

Not so, with "Pickwick." It is true that the great lawsuit, Bardell *vs* Pickwick, gathers the random occurrences for a moment to a focus. But this was just a happy accident, a rare piece of good luck. We may be sure that Dickens never planned it at the start. As a matter of fact, we know, in a documentary way, that he didn't. Everyone recalls how the "Pickwick Papers" arose out of the plan of Chapman and Hall, the publishers, to get someone to write up a running commentary for a set of mock-heroic sporting pictures to be prepared by Mr. Robert Seymour, an artist of their connection. We all recall how Dickens, great at "locomotion" but short on interest in sport, changed the idea to a "travelling club" and "thought of Mr. Pickwick," and away they went. We all recall how the unhappy Seymour died by his own hand when the enterprise had just begun.

But years after Seymour's death, with Dickens at the height of his reputation, the plea was raised that Seymour was the real creator of Pickwick. Dickens was as furious over this implication as only Dickens could be. He wrote in emphatic detail to the *Athen-*

THE DICKENS DIGEST. Edited by M. L. Aswell. New York: Whittlesey House. 1948. 543 pp. $3.75.

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aeum (March 28, 1866) to say that at the time of Seymour's death only twenty-nine pages of "Pickwick" had been published, only about four more written, and beyond that "not one subsequent line of the book *invented.*" The word *invented* speaks for itself. Dickens just rambled on. It is true that Bardell *vs.* Pickwick culminates in something like a plot but after all it falls notably short of it. Dickens having got Mr. Pickwick into the Fleet had no way of getting him out again, except by letting him pay to get out,—a sad lack of the "poetic justice" that was the stock in trade of the time. Indeed someone else invented, we mustn't say a better outcome, but a more artistic one, by having Mr. Alfred Jingle turn out to be the deceased Mr. Bardell, not brought to his end by "a crack from a peuter pot," but absconding from his wife. This released Pickwick in triumph. The theme was thus carried out in a little play put on while "Pickwick" was still running in its monthly numbers and presented, after the easy fashion of the time, without any with-your-leave or by-your-leave to Dickens.

But mainly "Pickwick" is just made up of glorious incidents and delightful environments, some, like some Kentucky whiskey, better than others, but all good. Most of us linger with chief delight on all that goes with Dingley Dell, with the White Hart Inn, and on the company of Mr. Jingle and Mr. Weller. Other scenes, especially in retrospect, are less vivid. Such a work therefore lends itself in an especial way to a "digest." In fact, as Mr. Chesterton again would say, the whole book "Pickwick" is just a "digest" of a "Pickwick" that might have been larger.

With Mr. Pickwick nominated by acclamation, I think that "David Copperfield" would be elected with but few dissentient ballots. This book, as we remember, was Dickens's "favorite child": and it is perhaps the story which of all his books has taken the widest and the firmest hold upon the public. For there is no dark plot to obscure it: no one, as far as I remember, is anybody else: only now and then, as in the case of Mrs. Annie Strong, does it break into that flood of tears that irrigate the chapters of Dickens's books; on its pages moves the immortal Micawber, and crawls the unforgettable Uriah Heep, and, for those who read it young enough, never was love's young dream, beautiful in its very blindness and in its ecstasy, more tenderly portrayed.

To me the only blemish in the book is the miserable creature Steerforth. Dickens was haunted with the idea of portraying a "gentleman," reckless, devil-may-care, brave, dissolute,—and redeemed at the end by his death. Hence those two howling cads Steerforth of "Copperfield" and Eugene Wrayburn of "Our Mutual Friend." Wrayburn is redeemed by a knock on the head with an oar (not hard enough); Steerforth by being drowned (not wet enough). Dickens thought them great fellows. He loved in his "Readings" to "do the storm" and drown Steerforth. But in the literary sense both are sorry failures. Dickens could draw a freak gentleman like Mr. Pickwick, or nut gentlemen like the Brothers Cheeryble, or a walking gentleman like Nicholas Nickleby; but a real gentleman,—no. Or wait,—I'm wrong,—John

Jarndyce, that's one. But his own pet casting mold turned out a cad. . . .

The mention of Jarndyce makes me ask why not "Bleak House"? Why "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Oliver Twist"? . . . And without doubting that countless people would follow Mrs. Aswell's choice, I would personally venture to dissent from it.

But let me start more at the beginning. Most of us agree that the great Dickens books which we read and reread are "Pickwick," "David Copperfield," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Bleak House," and the "Tale of Two Cities." (The order is my own). . . . Very close to them, "Barnaby Rudge" . . . and then, without order, "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," "Dombey & Son," and "Little Dorrit" . . . and then "Great Expectations" . . . then, below all the rest, "Our Mutual Friend" and, nowhere, "Hard Times." . . . All by itself the unfinished "Edwin Drood." . . .

I note with warm approval that Mrs. Aswell not only includes "Martin Chuzzlewit" in the digest but is not afraid to put in parts of the American scenes that gave such offense in America. The failure, the disillusionment, and ill-will that ensued from young Charles Dickens's famous visit of 1842 were due, as I see it, to Dickens himself. He had no eye to see. The vast epic of civilization on the march, of cities rising where the wilderness had been, was for him one great welter of crudeness, marshes, singing frogs, and people who spat tobacco. Seen with such distorted vision types of character that should have been as forgivable as Mr. Jingle, as companionable as Mr. Micawber, are reflected as ague-ridden crooks. But the fault is all long since forgiven and forgotten. Americans read it for the fun of it, just as English people, after a first burst of aristocratic indignation, learned to laugh with the Yankee at King Arthur's Court, even if it partly meant Queen Victoria's. "Martin Chuzzlewit," well and wisely digested, is a notable feature of the book.

Of "Oliver Twist" I must not speak. I heard it read and read it as a child. But I don't think I ever laughed much. Starvation isn't funny, nor dens of theft and crime,—and the rest of the book easily forgotten. But let it pass. I am recording only a personal attitude.

IN any case, the other books might, if one tried it, be hard to digest. The "Tale of Two Cities" might boil down in history and "Bleak House" has so many variant strands that they might refuse to twist into a smaller thread. Few people, I think, will find anything but praise for the way in which this digest is digested.

The very publication of this comprehensive digest, which must sell on Dickens's merits or not sell at all, is another evidence of the extraordinary "survival" of Charles Dickens, of the appeal of his writings to general readers after the lapse of more than a century. The survival of the ancient writings which we call the "classics" rests rather on history and prestige,—the part they played in the advancement of the human intellect, than on their intrinsic interest to the readers of the day. I doubt whether many such readers want to read Livy or Virgil, and all that goes with Greek is hidden behind so dense a barrier of language, so heavy an atmosphere of awe, that it is like a God in a grove whom none dare question or disturb. The people, like myself, of the outgoing generation who spent years and years, the best years of their lives, in learning Greek, and who therefore have a certain right to speak, but who are neither clergymen nor classical professors are very few. If a skeptic, like myself, dares to say that the works of Homer and of Aeschylus are just primitive literature, he is ruled out of court for ignorance and blasphemy. So, too, in a lesser degree, anyone sufficiently candid to consider Dante's "Inferno" worse than Hell and Milton's "Paradise" well lost. Yet these also survive only on their historical value, their academic place, and by esteem rather than interest.

The same fate is now overtaking the works that are the "classics" of the booksellers, the great literature

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of the earlier and middle nineteenth century, the marvelous expansion of the written word that came with the spread of democracy, education, and the mechanical power of the steam press and steam transport. It also, especially the part of it that stands for imagination, is fading fast on the horizon. Some of the great books survive indeed as links in a chain still lengthening, the work of Adam Smith or Malthus, Lyell's "Geology" and Darwin's "Origin"; others, for example, the great biographies and histories, Boswell, Napier, and Lockhart, survive as themselves sources of history; while a few survive on their sheer innate merit,—as notably the work of Macaulay and Dickens.

THESE last, in a sense, rise in eminence as they recede in time, as the distant mountains whose tall summits rise above the villages and towns lost from sight as soon as left behind.

Dickens, we say, is indeed notable as perhaps the sole survivor in fiction writing. Poetry survives better, since immortality may adhere to a single poem (Gray's "Elegy"), a verse, or even a line as when "Tears, idle Tears" may fall and "Poppies blow in Flanders Field." Fiction vanishes. Nor must we confuse booksellers' survival, counted by sales, with true survival, counted by readers. Booksellers would tell us that Walter Scott is as much alive as Dickens. But an author, lucky enough to reach Scott's one time eminence, can stay alive in a "presentation set" like a knight in stone in a cathedral.

We have a picture of the literary world of London, of a century ago, in the celebrated salon of Lady Blessington of Gore House in which appeared young Dickens as a rising star in a firmament that seemed already gloriously full. We have it from the pen of an American visitor to London, Mr. N. P. Willis,—a name once a household word in America, now scarcely a textbook reference, as forgotten as the things of which he writes. Here in the salon, as the uncrowned king of letters, as affable and as untidy as uncrowned kings can afford to be, is Lytton Bulwer (otherwise Bulwer Lytton). His novels top the market at one thousand and five hundred pounds apiece. Yet, except as revived in moving pictures, who now walk with Lytton beneath the doomed porticoes of Pompeii? Beside him in the salon is young Mr. "D'Israeli," newly prominent as the author of "Vivian Grey": "lividly pale," says Willis, "his eye as black as Erebus and with the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression." Willis thinks "it is a great pity he is not in parliament." So does "D'Israeli." The pity was duly remedied. Yet who reads "Vivian Grey" now,—or who under seventy?

Willis talks of their literary values. "Bulwer gets fifteen hundred pounds a book, Lady Blessington four hundred, Mrs. Norton two hundred and fifty, Lady Charlotte Bury two hundred and Grattan three hundred." Who are they? He adds "Captain Marryat's gross trash sells immensely and brings him in five or six hundred a book."

Dickens, of course, outgrew all such salons and became as it were a salon in himself, ill content to be anything in a literary gathering except first,—with the rest nowhere. Egotism apart, it was his due place. For all those who seemed his rivals and his supplanters, Thackeray and Charles Reade, George Eliot and Anthony Trollope . . . and George Meredith,—where are they now, as far as actually reading readers who read for reading's sake?

Nor will they come again. No names and memories of our day will live as theirs did,—the Adam Smiths, the Mills, the Macaulays, the Ruskins, the Charles Kingsleys, and the George Eliots. They had first chance in a field newly opened. We move now on a broader front, with one name and reputation for a moment in the van, others lost in the crowd,—the best seller of today the forgotten book of tomorrow.

Dickens, to my thinking, is the most lasting name since Shakespeare.

Jim Tully's Gallery

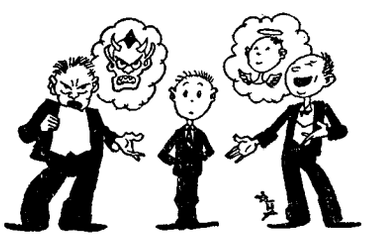
A DOZEN AND ONE. By Jim Tully. Hollywood: Murray & Gee. 1943. 242 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by THOMAS SUGRUE

A BOOK by Jim Tully, even when it is but a collection of pieces about friends and people he has known, is a respite from everyday prose. The former hobo handles words like a miser fondling money, revering them in the bulk as a source of unlimited power; paying them out stingily, for the sentences he needs to sustain his narrative. His sentences are lean and spare, like a fighter in good condition. His paragraphs are brief and attractive.

In describing the people who are his subject matter he employs the same parsimony. He tells one trait out of twenty, one anecdote out of a hundred, one biographical fact out of a thousand. Then swiftly he sketches a complete, detailed picture of the man as he is caught in a gesture, a smile, an act of graciousness. The result is an impression, a caricature, a sudden sidewise glimpse of the three-way person: body, mind, soul.

The people Tully writes about in this book are, with two exceptions, either friends or people he admires. Yet this does not mean that he presents them without their faults. Far from it; he turns their shortcomings up as casually as if he were spading the garden. And just as easily he finds virtues in those he does not particularly like. He is more than fair to Arnold Bennett; he shows a sympathy for Charlie Chaplin, and an understanding of him, notable after such treatment as Tully received at the hands of Chaplin.



The Chaplin piece opens the book. It may seem at first glance that Chaplin is handled roughly, but the comedian has been so well protected in this matter for so long that most people have no more idea of his reality than what they see on the screen. Tully presents him as he is, a man permanently embittered by his early years of poverty and failure, completely cynical, entirely subjective, consistently unhappy. "Inept upon the screen, the helpless foil of invidious circumstance, in private life he was forceful, domineering, arrogant." With an untrained mind, no capacity for abstract thinking, no great cause or love, he lives in a void. Suddenly the picture becomes clear. Chaplin is in his heart, in real life, the lonely little vagabond he portrays on the screen; a misfit, an island of himself in the sea of the world's people, materialized by the centrifugal force of his nature. Clark Gable comes next, probably because Tully wants to point out that the idol of American women measures up to a prizefighter's definition of a man. The rest, in order, are Jack Dempsey, Diego Rivera, George Jean Nathan, Wilson Mizner, Jim Cruze, Arnold Bennett, Tod Sloan, Paul Bern, Walter Winchell, Henry Armstrong, and H. L. Mencken. Each is superbly done, and fairly. He cannot abide the charlatan in Mizner, the great wit, but he sees through the heel to the lonely, frightened soul within, and he is sorry for it.

It is difficult to pick out the best portrait. Those of Chaplin, Dempsey, Bennett, and Mizner are outstanding. All are entertaining and enlightening, even though their subjects in some cases have been written about extensively before.

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Birth Pains of a Nation

MUTINY IN JANUARY. By Carl Van Doren. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 288 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MUTINY may be the beginning of a revolution, as on historic occasions French soldiers and Russian and German sailors proved; or it may be nothing more than a temporary break in discipline. Whatever the cause or object, mutiny in wartime and in the face of the enemy would seem a crime of heinous magnitude. Yet two great mutinies have been regarded by historians with indulgent eye, and have even been praised as "successful." The outbreak of the ill-fed, ill-paid, harshly-treated British sailors at Spithead and the Nore in 1797 brought about reforms that friends of the seamen had vainly demanded for decades. The outbreak of six Pennsylvania and three New Jersey regiments of the Continental army at Morristown and Pompton in January, 1781, similarly led to a redress of great and long-continued grievances. In both instances the patriotism of the mutineers could not for a moment be impugned. The hardbitten British tars and the ragged Continental veterans alike exploded in ungovernable revolt against the civil authorities responsible for their wretched treatment. But both knew that their countries took pride in their valor and trusted to them for defence; both were ready to do their duty against a foreign foe. The mutinies were a demonstration against neglect and abuse by men who would have scorned treason.

Mr. Van Doren has a good story to tell, and he tells it with many new facts and sustained narrative verve. Its outlines have long been familiar. There came black months in 1780-81 when the Revolution seemed sinking into failure through complete exhaustion. The weak Continental government had no money; with its paper bills passing at a thousand to one, it had no credit. When it called on the States for supplies some sent nothing and others little. Barely enough food came forward to keep the troops from starving; barely enough clothing to keep them from nakedness. The army should have been filled up to 40,000 men, but strength seldom crept above one-third that number. The Continental troops, without money, with little to eat or wear, without even that cold-weather necessity, rum, suffered to the verge of endurance. In the winter of 1780-81 some remembered that they had gone through four years of it. Valley Forge had been bad enough; every intervening winter had been horrible; now they could stand no more. The forces were encamped in a broken crescent running from Morristown up through the Highlands of the Hudson to Connecticut. On New Year's Day, 1781, six hungry, shivering regiments —farmers, laborers, mechanics, shopkeepers, journeymen—paraded under arms, and with the non-coms leading them marched toward Philadelphia. They were a good cross-section (except for the heavy proportion of Scotch-Irish) of the plain American folk.

The principal contribution of Mr. Van Doren's book is its lucid, detailed account of the repercussions of the mutiny in American and British headquarters; an account drawn from study of official papers in the Clements Library. Anthony Wayne fruitlessly tried to stop the soldiers. He parleyed with them at Princeton, and heard their reasonable demands as to pay, clothing, rations, and bounties. They marched on to Trenton, where they met President Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania, a committee of Congress, and some of the Philadelphia Light Horse. A new conference ensued. Washington and Congress were both anxious for a speedy, safe, and honorable issue, while the sergeants were conciliatory. The upshot was a settlement by which the troops got some pay and clothing immediately, with a discharge; and nearly all of them reënlisted, thus obtaining the bounties offered to recruits. But meanwhile hopes had risen high at Clinton's headquarters in New York, and anxious hours had been passed by Washington at New Windsor. The British commander hurriedly sent emissaries to the mutineers urging them to join the royal standard. Washington feared that the men would prove intractable; even when they turned the spies over to Wayne for hanging, he apprehended that their attitude was: "You see what the British offer; come to our terms or we may take Clinton up." If necessary, he was ready to send West Point troops to fight the Pennsylvanians—and the West Point men were highly discontented too. But all ended happily. The six regiments were before long playing a gallant part against Cornwallis in Virginia.

Recent historians of the British mutiny at the Nore have made much of its social implications. The heroic British seaman made a stand against tyranny and class-arrogance, wringing from a reluctant government recognition of the rights of the common man. No such interpretation can be given the Morristown-Pompton mutiny. The soldiers were revolting not against oppression but neglect; not against arrogance but apathy. They recognized no social difference between themselves on the one hand, and Congress and their officers on the other; all were ordinary Americans fighting in a common cause. Mr. Van Doren rightly treats the affair as the detached episode that it was. It had no effect on political or social thought, and as our Continental army (unlike the British navy) was not an important continuing institution, it had no permanent effect on army conditions. It proved simply that even the best patriots will not starve and freeze, while their countrymen forget them, without a demonstration. Their brief, violent blow awakened some recreant Americans, in and out of Congress, to their duty, while beyond the seas it had some effect in stimulating a French loan to the Continental treasury. But it possessed no larger significance.

Carl Van Doren

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 472)

S. BOLIVAR:
ADDRESS AT ANGOSTURA
(FEB. 15, 1819, AT OPENING OF SECOND CONGRESS OF VENEZUELA)

Deign, legislators, to grant . . . Venezuela a government preëminently popular . . . just . . . moral . . . a government which will cause equality and liberty to triumph under the protection of inexorable laws. Commence your duties; I have finished mine.

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Critique of Pure Diabolism

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 160 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS admirable, diverting, and remarkably original work cannot be treated satisfactorily in the time at my disposal, even supposing I had the talents to analyze the most exciting piece of Christian apologetics that has turned up in a long time. It would take powers at least equal to the author's adequately to display his brilliance and his novel exegesis of the world, the flesh, and, particularly, the devil. Satire so paradoxically creative is a delightful experience. And though the English enthusiasts may be thrusting a little when they compare C. S. Lewis with Swift, they have several good talking points. I am content as things are to have read the prolegomena to any future immortality compact in a book for which believer and unbeliever alike may give thanks.

Like all first-chop satire, the little fantasy is transparently simple in design, as simple as "L'Ingenu," that is to say only about as complex as the universe itself. It consists of the letters of his abysmal sublimity Screwtape, an undersecretary in the bureaucracy of Hell (one had always suspected that Hell was a bureaucracy), to his nephew Wormwood, a novice tempter on duty on the British front. The correspondence is mainly concerned with the divagations of the "patient" on whom Wormwood is working, a feckless, middleclass young Englishman for whom the two consanguineous demons feel a perfectly justifiable contempt. But Screwtape, who is clearly no ordinary fiend, constantly lifts, or rather depresses, the discussion from the practical and the particular into the more rarified region of the theoretic and the general. Wormwood evidently does not profit much from these homilies. A tempter's lot resembles a policeman's with respect to happiness. He must bring back souls to be devoured or be devoured himself. And the unfortunate Wormwood only appears as the recipient of his uncle's advice or rebuke, and finally as the probable victim of that philosophic, experienced, and rapacious old devil.

Pagans nourished in the partially outworn idealisms of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are due for a shock when they pick up this book. It hits their assumption that intelligence is wholly on their side right between the eyes. Mr. Lewis forces you to respect his system of things quite as much as if he were speaking for "materialism" or "science." He is anything but a mealy-mouthed clergyman or, still worse, a mealy-mouthed layman. On the contrary, he is a person of infinite courtesy and humor. And his book is alive with apt and witty observation. Beyond that it is often genuinely moving, whatever you may think of his personal position and attitude of mind.

It would be wrong to abridge his description of the conflict between that which gives forth and that which sucks in. And one can only make the briefest mention of Screwtape's notions on the nature of good and evil. The theology of Hell is power theology in the sense that Hitler's politics is power politics. And anything that brings one of "the detestable little vermin" into the sphere of influence of "our Father below" has a desirable quality. Anything whatever, adroitly used, may help. "Don't ask me whether it is good or bad, my dear Wormwood." The main thing is to keep up the standard of living of the worm that dieth not.

And bewilderment and misunderstanding are the principal means to this end quite in the best manner of Doctor Goebbels to whose book Screwtape could add many a subtle leaf. Early in Wormwood's work with the "patient" he makes this suggestion:

"Don't waste time trying to make him think that materialism is *true*. Make him think it's strong, or stark, or courageous—that it is the philosophy of the future. That's the sort of thing he cares about."

A lot of us bear a strong resemblance to that patient, a fact not ignored by Screwtape, whose gift for drawing disturbing generalizations from innocuous particulars is not the least of his attractions. I think it proper to end this inadequate sketch with a related observation from the same source which applies to a class not apt to think themselves as naive as the patient. Screwtape remarks with pleasure:

> Only the learned read old books and we have so dealt with the learned that they are of all men the least likely to acquire wisdom by doing so. We have done this by inculcating the Historical Point of View. The Historical Point of View, put briefly, means that when a learned man is presented with any statement in an ancient author, the one question he never asks is whether it is true.

This appears to me convincing evidence that Screwtape has had a good deal to do with what, in this country, for no good reason, are called Schools of Education.

Be this as it may, whatever you may think of the theses of Mr. Lewis, presented as they are in a bizarre and slantindicular manner, the fact remains that there is a spectacular and satisfactory nova in the bleak sky of satire.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WHAT WERE THEIR FIRST NAMES?

A great many male characters in fiction are known only by their surnames. The 50 listed below are typical, yet each one did have a first name. Are you familiar enough with these gentlemen to call them by their given names? Allowing 2 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 48.

1. Antony.
2. Arrowsmith.
3. Ben Hur.
4. Betteredge.
5. Bonnyfeather.
6. Botts.
7. Bruga.
8. Bunthorne.
9. Chillingworth.
10. Coignard.
11. Crichton.
12. Dantes.
13. Darcy.
14. Dobbin.
15. Dodsworth.
16. Donnithorne.
17. Dupin.
18. Fogg.
19. Gilpin.
20. Glencannon.
21. Gulliver.
22. Kaplan.
23. Knickerbocker.
24. Lupin.
25. Marchbanks.
26. Mifflin.
27. Murdstone.
28. Oakhurst.
29. Pendennis.
30. Pickwick.
31. Pinkerton.
32. Poirot.
33. Primrose.
34. Quartermain.
35. Quilp.
36. Ravenal.
37. Salteena.
38. Scrooge.
39. Silver.
40. Slappey.
41. Sly.
42. Squeers.
43. Stover.
44. Throttlebottom.
45. Topper.
46. Tutt.
47. Valentine.
48. Villon.
49. Watson.
50. Whiteside.

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Radio with a Soul

The Life and Times of Station WQXR

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER

THIS is a love-letter to a radio station. Feeling deeply about WQXR, there is no other way of telling the story of one's high fidelity to the Interstate Broadcasting Company—1560 on your dial.

Irwin Edman used to tell his friends and colleagues at Columbia University that WQXR was his secret vice. Now it is no longer a secret, for he has openly and rapturously proclaimed his love in "Philosopher's Holiday." And I welcome this chance to declare mine, under the guise of an article about a station which is of particular significance and interest to lovers of literature as well as lovers of music. For WQXR is a station with a soul.

Here, then, are some of the experiences and appreciations of a typical and unashamed amateur who was thrilled several years ago to be an early discoverer of WQXR and is now proud to be a high-fidelity crusader for that station.

I am not only a non-professional in the field of music; I play not, neither do I sing, I thirst not for a sponsor, nor do I yearn for an audition.

Ever since I put away my youthful violin almost thirty years ago—I started from scratch at the age of seven—I have rigorously confined my musical activities to the art of listening. Dick Simon and I have a marvelous arrangement—he does the playing, and I do the listening. For three decades I have devoted myself to the art of listening with an overmastering persistence; I practise it passionately, and still feel that I am just beginning to learn.

I served my apprenticeship in a music-loving home as a child; I took my preparatory courses in listening at Carnegie Hall, Town Hall, Aeolian Hall, and some of the most famous auditoriums in America and Europe; I took postgraduate work in London and the old Vienna, and did record-breaking research with the Victor Talking Machine Company and the Columbia Gramophone. But now my true Alma Mater, my favorite conservatory, and best-loved academy, is Station WQXR.

I belong, then, to a goodly fellowship—the invisible legion of listeners to whom station WQXR is more than a broadcasting company, more than a miraculous and never-ending source of the world's best music, but almost literally a habit, a sanctuary, and a way of life. For I invariably plan precious symphonic hours and programs of *kleine Nachtmusik* around certain high anticipations that tune in on my innermost wavelength when I check them off at the first of each month on the new program bulletin of the station. It is the most exciting mail that I receive twelve times a year—that little schedule of symphonies and concerts still to be heard. If Keats were alive today, he would write a sonnet on first tuning in to station WQXR.

There must be countless thousands who feel the same way. Many of them are my friends. It seems that the warmest and wisest friends I have—whether they be amateurs, professionals, neophytes, virtuosi, engineers, or patrons in the world of music, or just miscellaneous men and women of good will—are almost without exception devoted and intensely loyal friends of WQXR. Each of them regards the station as a private and precious discovery of his own—a uniquely intimate attachment. It is a touchstone, a standard, a shared consecration.

My heart leaps up when I behold on the WQXR program bulletin the announcement of the *Seventh Symphony* of Schubert, or his great quintet with the second cello, or the *Forellen,* or the *Death and the Maiden Quartet* —and I check off another inviolable hour with WQXR.

When I see the Schubert *Trio in B-flat major* scheduled, I make a double star on the calendar for that day. When I find any of the nine Beethoven symphonies on the list, or any of his great piano concerti—especially the *Emperor* or the *Fourth*—I know another uninterruptable and glorious WQXR evening is in store for me.

Almost anything by Bach, almost anything by Mozart, fills me with a princely expectation. Then I have certain special, deeply-cherished favorites which the station pours out for my enjoyment with recurrent profusion—the *Italian Symphony* of Mendelssohn, the Rachmaninoff *Piano Concert No. 2,* the Grieg *Sonata for Piano and Violin,* the Sibelius *Second Symphony,* the Paganini *Violin Concerto,* the *Hungarian Dances* and the *Third Symphony* of Brahms, to mention just an infinitesimal but representative few.

I WAS initiated to the world of music, in my childhood, by four geniuses —John Philip Sousa, Johann Strauss, Irving Berlin, and Ludwig von Beethoven—each a supreme master in his own field. I was a slave of the mighty *Fifth Symphony*—the indestructible *Fifth,* as Henry Simon calls it—at the age of sixteen. But, with all my concert-going, with all my phonograph records, with all my musical friends, with a musical adulthood of deep intensity, I never heard the *Seventh Symphony* of Schubert—the heaven-shattering C major—until I was thirty-five years old; I never heard the *Second Symphony* of Beethoven—now one of my ever-haunting favorites—until I was twenty-eight; the *Fourth* of Beethoven, the *Fifth* of Schubert, and countless works of Bach and Handel and Purcell and Vivaldi—now part of my most sacred musical treasures—came even later; many of them I heard first over

(*Continued on page* 24)

The two men who got the WQXR idea: John V. L. Hogan, president, at left, and Elliott M. Sanger, vice-president.

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Insect Invaders
The Story of Weapons and Tactics
War is People
We have all read of the inhuman side of war. This is a book about its unfamiliar human side.
Lorna Lindsley

War is People

BY LORNA LINDSLEY

"Brilliant interludes sharply focused . . . A well-rounded piece of craftsmanship. War is People. War is not a thing in itself but leaves an unforgettable imprint. Miss Lindsley makes her point with brilliance and spirit and from the depth of a truly compassionate heart."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.75

The Story of Weapons and Tactics

BY TOM WINTRINGHAM

"A masterpiece of detached and dispassionate simplicity . . . Direct, lucid, readily understandable. The art of war is made as simply logical as a child's game of jacks. The vast maneuvres of World War II have been clothed in a new light. War becomes related, by simple explanation, to all of the rest of the ordinary person's experience."—*Philadelphia Inquirer* $2.25

Insect Invaders

BY ANTHONY STANDEN

"If the victory gardener really means business, I advise him to get a copy of INSECT INVADERS, which is a wholly fascinating book about the six-legged totalitarians that are always in our midst."—*John Chamberlain, N. Y. Times*
$3.50

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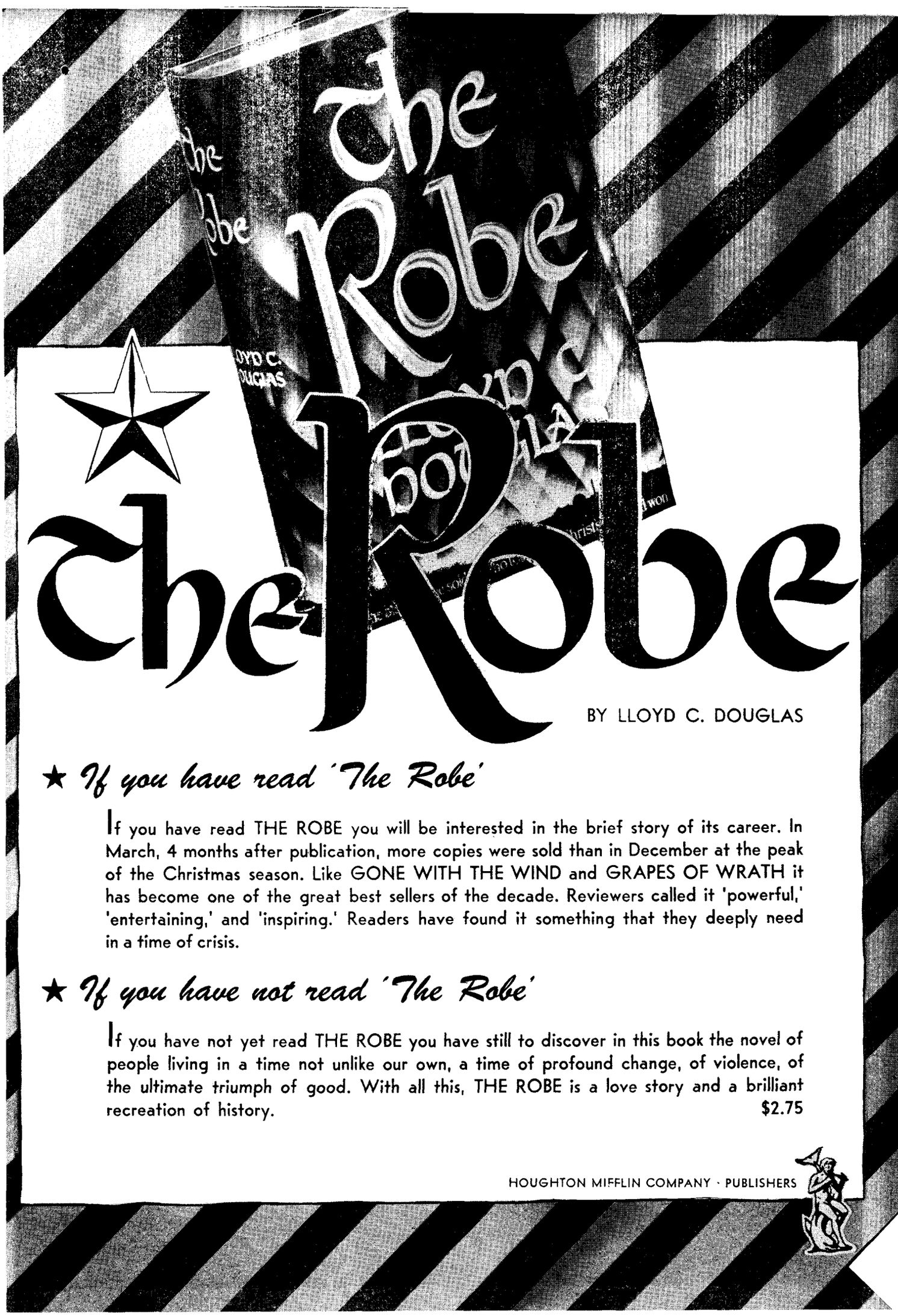

The Robe

BY LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

★ *If you have read 'The Robe'*

If you have read THE ROBE you will be interested in the brief story of its career. In March, 4 months after publication, more copies were sold than in December at the peak of the Christmas season. Like GONE WITH THE WIND and GRAPES OF WRATH it has become one of the great best sellers of the decade. Reviewers called it 'powerful,' 'entertaining,' and 'inspiring.' Readers have found it something that they deeply need in a time of crisis.

★ *If you have not read 'The Robe'*

If you have not yet read THE ROBE you have still to discover in this book the novel of people living in a time not unlike our own, a time of profound change, of violence, of the ultimate triumph of good. With all this, THE ROBE is a love story and a brilliant recreation of history.

$2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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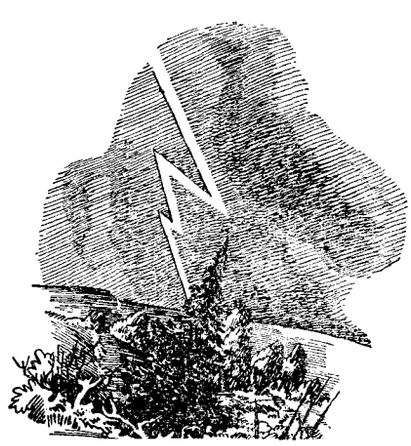
(*Continued from page 21*)

WQXR, and all of them I hear over and over again through that station. I missed those glorious experiences through the years of my youth and early manhood, because WQXR was not then in existence. Fifty years is little room to hear the *Seventh* of Beethoven or the *Seventh* of Schubert; thanks to WQXR, I can now make up for lost time at a geometric rate. For those who adore the eternal masterpieces of music the Gates of Paradise are wired for sound—and attuned to 1560 kilocycles.

My adoration for WQXR began when it was a beginner of the airwaves, audible only a few hours a day. The story of this station is a testimony to the taste of listeners in the New York area, and also a testimony to the fact that good taste and good business are not necessarily irreconcilable. Specializing largely in good music, ranging from semi-classical to the most orthodox possible classical fare, WQXR has confounded the experts who said it couldn't be done. It affords a constant flow of listenable programs which never fall below an irreducible level of civilized taste. How much that means any one can prove merely by spending an hour of random dial-twisting.

The notion that a radio station could have a soul, that there is room in radio for the equivalent of a quality newspaper or a quality magazine was the conviction of two people, John V. L. Hogan and Elliott M. Sanger who, in 1936, formed the Interstate Broadcasting Company to prove their conviction. Seven years later, Hogan and Sanger, respectively President and Vice-President of the Interstate Broadcasting Company, have convinced—and converted hundreds of thousands of others. For WQXR began as a cult, a coterie, a gallant little band of devotees, and is now Big Time.

IF, at this late date, any doubt should disturb them, they have some positively ecstatic testimony to remind them how right they are. Grateful listeners, some of them hysterically so, have never failed to assure the station that their lives would be desolate without it. One youth felt so strongly about it that he resorted to poetry. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit," was his apostrophe, "that of the men who operate WQXR."

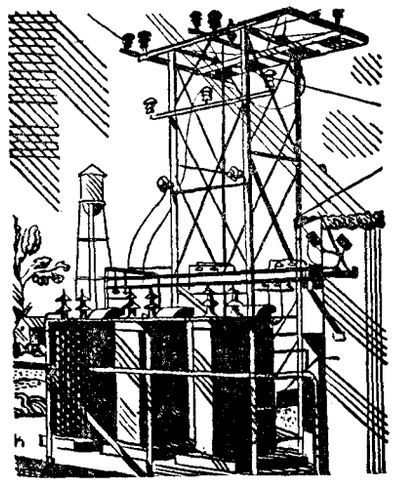


The blithe spirit of the men who operate WQXR grows blither over mail like that. It proves what they have contended all along—that radio listeners can be treated like adults, and will like it. To the list of favorite listener responses they add the letter from a woman who was moving her home and wanted the station to recommend a place where WQXR reception was sure to be perfect. Another favorite is a Christmas card received just this winter from an army officer in North Carolina. "To us," he said, "WQXR is much more than a radio station. It is our hope for the future of America where things of true worth may be known and loved by all."

Dr. Irwin Edman, one of the first tone poets to acclaim the joys and splendors of this station, maintains that WQXR brings back the golden epoch when art flourished and grew because it was part of the people's daily life. He says, "It is a great deal to be able to tune in at breakfast time to Mozart, to listen to Beethoven after dinner, to retrace the movements of a beloved concerto before bedtime. . . ." It is indeed, and many, many thousands agree.

This kind of listener reaction is really responsible for the birth as well as the growth of WQXR. You might almost say that the station was established by plebiscite. John V. L. Hogan, WQXR's president, discovered the existence of a public demand for quality music purely by accident, while he was experimenting with new types of radio transmission in the course of his profession, which is radio engineering. In 1934 he set up a transmitter under an experimental license, with the call letters W2XR. He was developing a new type of broadcasting called High Fidelity, whose object was to reproduce in your radio a sound as completely faithful to the original as possible. Merely because he liked it, he broadcast classical and semi-classical music. To his surprise, he found that it would require hundreds of Carnegie Halls to accommodate the people who agreed with him. From his discovery grew the plan for a commercial radio station whose purpose would be to answer the public desire for good, nourishing musical fare. Today, W2XR, the 250-watt experimental station, has become WQXR, a successful commercial venture with 10,000 watts of power, and a large, faithful following.

The size of that following can be measured only by the usual telephone survey methods which indicate the gratifying fact that the audience



WQXR has built for its programs is as large as that of any other non-network station in New York. Another indication of size can be gained from studying the circulation of a minor miracle called the WQXR program booklet, a unique publication which goes to a part of the station's audience at a cost of a dollar a year for each subscription. The booklet lists all of WQXR's programs and sponsors, as well as hundreds of individual musical selections to be played in the course of a month. To confirmed WQXR listeners it makes fascinating reading, and some of them would sooner part with their rubies and emeralds than with this pamphlet filled with small print. I call it a minor miracle because it is actually the largest purely musical publication in the world.* More than twenty thousand paid subscribers now receive it and cherish it monthly. It occupies an honored place beside their radios, dog-eared and limp from use.

One of Elliott Sanger's favorite stories concerns the genesis of the WQXR program booklet. In the very early days of the station, when the call letters were still W2XR, he received a telephone call in his office, which was located in the corner of a law library on Park Row. A harried but loyal listener wished to know if a certain favorite symphony was to be played the following Wednesday. He said he had scheduled a dinner party which was to be climaxed with the station's broadcast of that particular work. If the work was not to be played, his intention was to cancel the whole affair, and invite his guests at some time when they could hear the symphony. Such unswerving devotion deserved a just reward. A booklet of programs was exactly the thing to solve this listener's social problems—and add to the listening enjoyment of thousands of others. The first tentative effort of four pages proved a success. The booklet now has forty pages, and includes

*With the exception of *Etude*.

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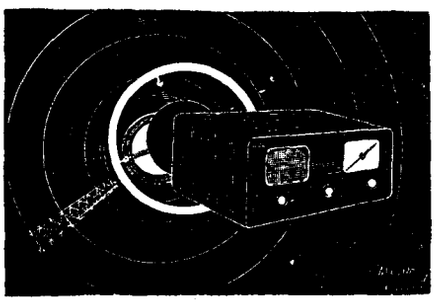
in each issue an article by someone well-known in the musical world in addition to the program listings.

It goes to homes of every description, and every degree of wealth or poverty, as shown in a recent survey conducted by the station. The experience of WQXR has proved once more what has long been known but frequently forgotten: the taste for music has very little relation to income, though it does reflect a certain degree of cultivation, native or induced. Statistics in great profusion exist to prove this point,* but it is best supported by another favorite WQXR story. It again concerns a dinner party, this time under the auspices of a wealthy host and hostess who had gathered a select company to hear the first Toscanini radio broadcast, which, it will be remembered, was accompanied with a notable fanfare when first offered to the public. The broadcast was well-launched, and the dinner-jacketed company was sitting hushed and attentive when the hostess spied the butler wagging frantically for attention. She hushed and ignored him, but he insisted on being heard. Finally he broke the sacred silence. "Madame," he said. "you are listening to WQXR. We have Toscanini in the kitchen."

IT is, therefore, a large and varied listening audience which stays tuned to 1560—and it is also a different audience, unlike that of any other commercial broadcasting enterprise. For this reason, advertisers who support standard broadcasting looked askance at WQXR in its early days. The idea that symphonies and passacaglias could sell soap and breakfast cereal was a difficult one to drive home. And the most difficult idea of all was that the selling must be conducted in a different manner. For a station with a soul to croon and wheedle and shout, in an effort to sell the products of its sponsors, would be to rob it of its soul. Realizing this, the management established four categories of advertising which would be summarily rejected. First was material unsuitable in its essential nature, the usual run of laxatives and liver-awakeners, peddled from coast-to-coast. The second category was the shouting commercial, or any of its variants. The third kind of unacceptable advertising was the type of clever scheme which offers money on easy terms, or insurance without tears. And the fourth was generally anything not considered in good taste. These rules were difficult to apply at first, but the management never swerved from their determination to keep the policy of the station unchanged, realizing fully that WQXR would otherwise undermine its essential integrity. When occasionally they did stray, their public brought them back to the true path with anguished outcries and muttered threats.

In one instance there was even an organized campaign to do away with the offending commercial. It came about in a borderline case, when the management decided to accept a commercial transcription of the familiar singing type, with a barbershop quartet pounding home the message in four-part harmony. A flood of complaining letters was the first result, but the climax came when the advertising agency telephoned in anguish, asking, "What kind of crazy listeners do you have, anyway?" It appears that a group of WQXR devotees had banded together and hired a lawyer to represent them in their campaign to save their favorite station from de-



struction. The satisfying moral of this story is that the sponsor realized that such a loyal listenership would make an excellent target for more graceful advertising. He continued to purchase time, but he phrased his message differently.

The different audience offered by WQXR has also attracted a different kind of sponsor. Book-publishers and book-stores realized early that music-lovers are book-lovers too, and they were among the early sponsors. The Book-of-the-Month Club, Alfred A. Knopf, Random House, Barnes and Noble and others have at one time or another approached their public through WQXR. The station has seldom been without a book program of some kind, and at present it is broadcasting a series called "Books Are Bullets," on which Bennett Cerf proves that "Trade Winds" can be transformed into embattled air waves, implemented for combat duty in the war of ideas.

The fact that musical programs attract an audience of a certain level also offers an opportunity for non-musical programs of an equally high level. WQXR has not allowed the opportunity to go by the board. Besides an hourly schedule of factual news broadcasts, the station offers commentators who have attracted a numerous following. Quincy Howe's quiet, incisive, informed comments and his distinctive New England accent were a well-known feature on WQXR for several years. Among others who were discovered by WQXR is Norman Corwin, the most famous radio dramatist of the day. Corwin launched his New York radio career at WQXR with a program entitled "Poetic License," in which he used his license to project poetry in a rarely effective manner. WQXR is also proud of having discovered one of the most successful women commentators on the air today, Lisa Sergio.

IN line with its effort to vary musical fare with non-musical broadcasts of a high calibre, WQXR has recently concluded a working agreement with *Time* magazine by which the two organizations coöperate in producing a variety of special programs. The first fruit of this arrangement was a nightly review of the news based on dispatches received in the *Time* offices from the magazine's corps of foreign and domestic correspondents. One of the earliest crusaders for good music for the millions—Dr. Sigmund Spaeth—has recently transferred his classical programs to WQXR—thus enabling that station to make secure its glory both in time and Spaeth.* Another cooperative effort resulted in the program "Let's Learn Spanish" which familiarizes the listener with basic Spanish by using an easy, dramatic method of presentation.

If WQXR's experience with musical programs is any guide, this project of teaching Spanish ought to have considerable success. For through the years it has become more and more noticeable that the station has not only discovered and exploited a vein of musical enjoyment, but has unconsciously worked to widen and deepen that vein as its transmitter spread abroad the best of all the world's music.

It is a daily experience at WQXR for some newly-awakened listener to call and ask excitedly about Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, or Tchaikowsky's *Piano Concerto*—who wrote it, what is it, where can it be obtained? WQXR is therefore part cause and part effect of the true musical renaissance which is undoubtedly stirring across the land as the mechanical devices of our machine age open the treasures of great music to a constantly growing audience. Because of WQXR and other institutions like it, every American will eventually be able to count a knowledge of the great masters of music as an integral part of his birthright.

*Only 9.6 per cent of WQXR listeners are in the upper brackets. About 40.4 per cent are in the middle or "comfortable" group. The next lower section contains 37.4 per cent, and the lowest division, called "D" incomes, contains 12.6 per cent.

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JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON

THE Broadway stage is commemorating the Jefferson Bicentennial this year in a new play by Mr. Sidney Kingsley, "The Patriots," which has just been awarded the Drama Critics' Award as the best play of the new season. It is a striking play, full of force and sparkle, and written with passion, zeal, and a rare sense of theatre. It is eloquent in its fighting faith, and inspiring in its apparently bottomless belief in the vast fabric of freedom. It was obviously Mr. Kingsley's intention to make his voice heard above the thunder, to move people to hold even more firmly the things that free people must hold if they are to survive.

That this play has such effectiveness makes it all the more unfortunate that Mr. Kingsley should have allowed himself such a wide latitude in his historical interpretations and innovations as to expose himself to the charge that he is more interested in forcing a point than he is in proving it. Granted there is always ample margin in historical plays such as these for varying conceptions, it remains true that Mr. Kingsley has sauntered well out beyond the margins into a literary irredenta or historical no-man's land, practically untouched by the existing body of competent knowledge as it pertains to the founding of this country and to its founders.

The play is a tribute to Jefferson, and of course to the democracy for which he stands. It is a noble idea and a timely one (for the world today is crying for men of ideals with the personal ability and power to make them articulate). But Mr. Kingsley, in dipping down into the history of the period, has failed to come up with a representative and valid view of the basic issues of the time. What is worse is that he has submerged himself in blacks and whites far above even the broadest requirements of a dramatic production. Jefferson is of course the hero and Hamilton is the villain: and Mr. Kingsley is entitled to favor one over the other as he pleases. What is not defensible, however, is the type of villain Mr. Kingsley makes Hamilton out to be. As characterized in "The Patriots," Alexander Hamilton has everything but a curled moustache to equip him for the meanest role since Javert. He is shown to have philandered with other men's wives; he is charged with feathering his nest and those of his friends through manipulations and machinations in his job as Secretary of the Treasury; he is portrayed as a scheming, ambitious, deceptive politician interested only in stamping his foot upon the democratic aspirations of the American people. All this, of course, highlights by contrast the stature of Jefferson.

What Mr. Kingsley is trying to do is obvious: he is writing an anti-fascist play based upon an historical parallel but he has carried over the entire gear and tackle of the present ideological struggle and dumped it squarely into the laps of the Founding Fathers, instead of delineating the real issues of the early days of the Republic for whatever pertinency they may have for us today. Thus it becomes necessary for him to have not only a democrat, which is conveniently supplied by Jefferson, but to have a fascist, which is what he makes Hamilton out to be. Hamilton didn't believe in democracy in the sense that Jefferson did, but to picture him as the hell-bent-for-leather fascist that Mr. Kingsley does may be good theatre but it certainly isn't good history. Completely overlooked in the play is the fact that the very financial policy that Mr. Kingsley associates with corruption and intrigue and disaster was responsible for saving this country from fiscal chaos. When Hamilton came into office, the currency was practically worthless, government securities selling at from five to eight shillings in the pound. Three years later, Hamilton had succeeded, as Washington pointed out, in putting this country on its feet financially. Completely overlooked, too, is the leading part that Hamilton played in the hammering out of the Constitution. To listen to Mr. Kingsley, the only one who had anything really to do with it was James Madison. Can this be the Madison and the Hamilton who collaborated in the writing of *The Federalist?* Can this be the Hamilton who wrote many of the papers and addresses that went out under the name of President Washington—the same President Washington, incidentally, who is pictured in this play as one of the few statesmen of the time who shared the democratic views of Jefferson? Can this be the Hamilton who said that

> the sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments, or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power.

Or who wrote:

> I consider civil liberty, in a genuine and unadulterated sense, as the greatest of terrestrial blessings. I am convinced that the whole human race is entitled to it, and that it can be wrested from no part of them, without the blackest and most aggravated guilt.

It is a serious business, this—the distortion and character assassination of any man, much less an important one in the making of America. But

(*Continued on page* 45)

The Day of the Slaves

By Leonard Bacon

IN silence stark and bitter,
Fiercer than shout or song,
Schooled to no pomp or glitter,
The armies gather strong,
Whose tameless eyes stare forward
To the crooked cross and staves,
Republics raging warward,
In the Day—in the Day of the Slaves.

Despots and knaves compelled them
In folly and in sin,
But now, though Satan held them,
How should he hold them in?
Small time shall be to palter
For the despots and the knaves,
God's word from gutter and altar,
In the Day—in the Day of the Slaves.

How long shall the gangrene rankle?
How long the fools control?
The shackle on the ankle?
The iron in the soul?
Till breaks the rifle rattle
When the ranks ride by like waves
Through the bulwarks of the battle
In the Day—in the Day of the Slaves.

All we like sheep have wandered.
Lost in the Doubting Wood.
The birthright that we squandered
By faith we shall make good.
Till from this agony wrenching,
From the ashes and the graves,
Leaps fire that knows no quenching
In the Day—in the Day of the Slaves.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Agreement and Compromise

SIR:—As a none-too-orthodox member of the British Labor Party, may I be permitted both to agree and to disagree with Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard ("Please Don't Agree with Me," *SRL*, Feb. 27).

I agree with him in his general thesis of the need for a very real mutual tolerance in our human relations. I agree with him that in Britain it is not only possible but generally the practice to enjoy social and personal relations with a political opponent with whom one may disagree violently.

But the reasons for this are multiple. British people are usually British first, in all fundamentals, in spite of political and even economic differences. The aristocratic lady in "Mrs. Miniver" and her plebeian butler have an enormous amount in common, and they understand each other well even without the exchange of words. You have only to see their instinctive interdependence in this war—and it had gone along this way for a very long time before that—to understand what I mean.

The rule of political conduct in Britain is compromise. Hence, there may be a lot of revolutionary talk among the intelligentsia, but there is little danger of a revolution, in the ordinary European sense of the term. Not that revolutions don't occur in Britain; they do. They have had the groundwork laid for them by the "liberal" elements in political life—and they have been carried out peaceably and normally by a Tory majority. It is just because conservatism is of the very spirit of the British people, Tory and Trade Unionist alike, that revolutions have passed quietly into evolution for many decades now. The "liberals" says: "We told you all along what to do." The Tories reply: "This is what we meant to do all along."

The case of Sir Stafford Cripps is very much misunderstood. He comes of an "old school tie" family and thus was good raw material for a revolutionary—for our revolutions have rarely, until quite recent times, originated among the workers themselves. But it was not only that good Tory, Viscount Wolmer, who found Sir Stafford for so long "an utterly irresponsible and unreliable person." It was his own Labor and Trade Union colleagues who found him so often an impossible collaborator, whether in the political or the economic field, and they accordingly withdrew from him the Party support. It was only after he had proved himself to be, after all, a solid Britisher whom other Britishers could understand and appreciate, when he returned from the hard and practical duties of British Envoy to Russia, and when he had crystallized out as the result of having had to handle hard and practical human problems and personalities, instead of spending most of his time arguing about them theoretically, that it became possible for his hard-bitten former Labor associates to sit down with him at the same Cabinet table "on terms of complete amity." Had they not been able to agree with him on fundamentals, there could have been no place for Sir Stafford in the Cabinet, and he could not have persuaded his Cabinet colleagues of all parties to allow him to take to India their joint and agreed proposals for a settlement, interim as well as post-war, with the Indian leaders. And it is more than doubtful whether, though Tories might have been socially tolerant enough to sit down with him at dinner (whilst reserving the privilege of leg-pulling), Messrs. Atlee, Bevin, and Morrison would have been so accommodating.

As regards the lifting of the ban on the *Daily Worker*, I believe that the real consideration was the fact that, as here, the Communist Party has declared for all-out war-effort against the Axis powers, so long as Russia is a full partner in the common enterprise of the United Nations.

H. S. L. POLAK.

New York, N. Y.

"Miss Gibbons, for the tenth time . . . 'Corpses in the Snow' is on our Fall list—'The Apple Blossom Murders' are on our Spring list!"

Eugene's Pants

SIR:—An old friend, William Dana Orcutt, has recently contributed an excellent and widely noticed article to the *Christian Science Monitor* on some recollections of Eugene Field.

His description of Field, and especially his allusions to the ill-fitting clothes flapping about his thin body tallies exactly with my remembrance of the poet, whom I met occasionally at some gathering of the Caxton Club of Chicago, where many of his discreetly unpublished Rabelaisian poems were first read.

I do not know who wrote the clever rhyme describing Field, which was current in the mid '90's; but hope some reader can tell who wrote it and where it was published; and fill out the rest of the verses.

All I can recall is the description of those flapping pants:

—And your pants, Eugene!
Did your aunts, Eugene,
Make them up once in a trance, Eugene?
—There's a pang, Eugene,
In their hang, Eugene,
What number were you in the gang, Eugene?

ARTHUR T. HOLBROOK, M.D.

Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR:—This is not my first letter to *SRL*, nor will it be the last. But I doubt if I have ever written a more enthusiastic letter to you. The new editorial program, measured by your recent issues—notably the regional numbers, the foundations of a post-war world number, the Memorial to Stephen Vincent Benét, and the Pan-American issue—represent a high mark in the history of your magazine.

J. C. CHARLES.

New York.

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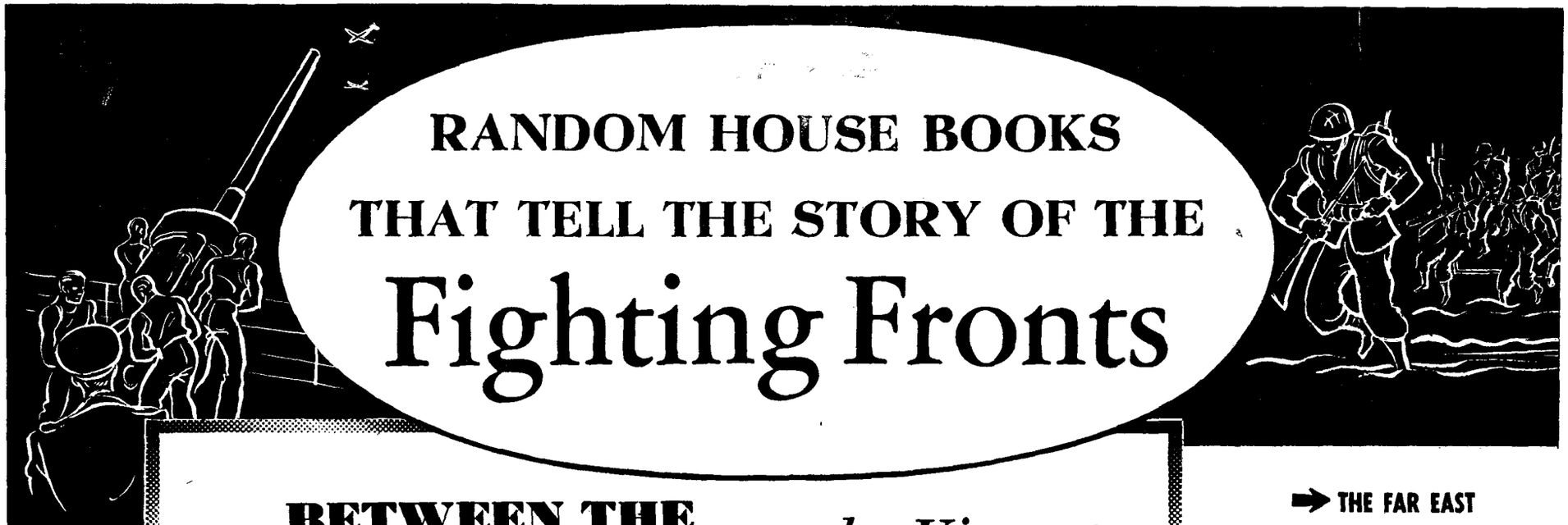

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Department of His Interior

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CURMUDGEON. By Harold L. Ickes. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 350 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

WHO is the heir apparent of the New Deal? Washington is buzzing with speculation and surmise. As yet the degree of *apparence* rests chiefly upon the extent to which various individuals are grooming themselves. Secretary Ickes is so overwhelmed with affairs of state that he has not had time to compute whether the offices he holds in a wartorn Administration number sixteen or eighteen; yet he has had ample time to indite this revelation of the quintessential interior of the Department of the Interior.

Somehow it has transpired that the world looks upon him as a sourpuss, so he goes the world one better by calling his book "The Autobiography of a Curmudgeon." He traces "the ingrowing hair" of his "disposition" from an infancy inspired by stern disapproval of his father (an irredeemable glad-hander, joiner, and mixer) to the present climax in which he has reduced us all to a gallon and a half of gasoline per week. Sometimes he has the air of sticking out his tongue to us for medical inspection, and at others of sticking it out at us in defiance; but from page to page a suspicion grows that in reality he is folding it away in his cheek. A stock character in fiction is what Goldoni described as the beneficent bear — whose gleaming teeth and shaggy hide are a mere mask for a heart of gold. To Goldoni, certainly, the portrayal of a curmudgeon was altogether a labor of love.

It is not that one doubts the present bear's occasional beneficence. In the turgid stream of Illinois politics, fitly symbolized by the Chicago River of old which poured rotting stockyard filth into the drinking water of Lake Michigan, he stood for decades erect and defiant as our own City Hall statue of Civic Virtue. If his attitude was similarly futile and he himself similarly relegated to local obscurity, that is not to be reckoned against him. He fought the good fight, neither seeking nor accepting office. In national politics narrow partisans may call him a turncoat. Starting as a Republican he became successively a Teddy Roosevelt Progressive, a Bryan Democrat, and an F. D. R. New Dealer. Once a Hiram Johnson isolationist, he is now a full-fledged internationalist. Yet that is a hard word, turncoat. Is there not biblical precedent for a coat of many colors? Few things could contribute so much to the gaiety of the nation and its elections. And somehow the colors do harmonize. Champion of virtue unafraid in Chicago politics, he has been as steadily opposed to national malefactors of great wealth.

Even his curmudgeonly outbreaks against former friends and associates may have a certain charm for liberals still seeking the light — against the post-Teddy Republican dynasty to a man; against that "lunatic fringe" of the Progressive Party, Gifford Pinchot; against the "pro-German" princelings of the *Chicago Tribune*. It should not have taken two wars to teach us that moral indignation is a great and indispensable power in the world—call it hate if you will. Yet in this picture of bear-like beneficence something is lacking.

—*SRL Caricature by Pierotti*

Harold L. Ickes, who fancies himself as "sour-puss."

What strange *tic* is it which impels a man who is himself preternaturally thin-skinned to be always hitting out at others, wounding them keenly and gratuitously? Surely there is a place for manners, even in politics. One need not insist upon those taught by the dancing master, nor yet on those of the conventional gentleman. That was not what old William of Wykeham had in mind when he said "Manners makyth man." Nor yet was it what Rudyard Kipling was pondering when he wrote of the *ifs* that are conditions precedent to being "a man, my son." Valuable to anyone, they are *de rigueur* to a politician and indispensable to a statesman. Even Donnybrook Fair has its code—that code tried and true which finds it equally blessed to give and to receive.

Umbilical Impressions

BEWARE OF PARENTS. By George Jean Nathan. Illustrated by Whitney Darrow, Jr. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 130 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MR. NATHAN dedicates his primer for children to "George Jean Nathan, jr., Unborn." It is unlikely that this imaginary phantom will ever exert himself toward incarnation if he should have any preliminary intuition of the comedy of parenthood as expounded by his sire. Mr. Nathan has had baccalaureate fun in satirizing the stupidity of parents but no one has yet found any effective way of wringing their withers. What no saintly celibate understands is that the errors of parents are not malicious but due to fatigue. Studies in the propaedeutic laboratory at Weissnichtwo University have shown that the average child up to puberty evolves 438,000 foot-pounds of energy per month between March and September. Mr. Nathan retaliates much of this energy upon parents and in the same way, by the foot. The average sire or dam, cowering under this hailstorm of phenomena, will find a good many sedative chuckles in the treatise. What one most esteems is the casual revelation of the author's own childhood. But neither Nathan the Wise nor the philoprogenitive publishers really intend this villonesque testimony for juvenile readers.

The only philosophical justification of parents is this: it is useful for children to have a private preview of human stupidity, in camera or ex cathedra, so they are somewhat prepared for its oecumenical exhibition a little later.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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The Time That We Borrowed

FANTASTIC INTERIM: A Hindsight History of American Manners, Morals and Mistakes between Versailles and Pearl Harbor. By Henry Morton Robinson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1943. 341 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL WELLMAN

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON dipped his pen in vitriol and wrote this book. It is an arraignment of the stupidities, gaucheries, corruptions, and short-sighted world policies of the United States in the years between Versailles and Pearl Harbor.

The thesis of "Fantastic Interim" is that the United States, having won the first World War, rejected the responsibility of world leadership offered it by Woodrow Wilson out of sheer fright, and then turned in upon itself the hates and energies it had built up to win a struggle which collapsed suddenly and unexpectedly before the nation had even begun to exert its full strength.

What followed will scarcely stimulate an American's pride in his country. The Harding administration with its gross, cynical looting of the public; the Coolidge administration, with its *laissez faire* policy, and its complete bafflement at handling the problem of economic collapse which was beginning to be evident; the Hoover administration with its lack of plan and its fatuous promises doomed to be tragically unfulfilled, followed one upon the other.

And with each America seemed to plunge deeper into fads, crazes, and national hysterias, which, looked back upon now, cause one to marvel as he cringes internally at the thought of them. The prohibition era with its national hypocrisy, bribery, and crime was a major example of this but there were many minor ones. We had the jazz age, we ate goldfish, we developed a mania for crossword puzzles, we staged million dollar extravaganzas at any excuse, particularly if we had a sports event as a *pièce de résistance*. We showed complete lack of national responsibility, national sense of proportion, and national good taste.

And while these things were taking place at home we were approaching our world problems with a curious and frightening combination of fatuity and ignorance—preaching meaningless moral platitudes of disarmament to cynical and coldly-calculating world powers, while at the same time permitting them to jockey us into impossible positions whereby in a few peacetime treaties they reduced us in military and naval strength as no nation ever has been able to reduce us in war.

The national unwillingness to look facts squarely in the face and yet to go on blind murderous debauches was illustrated by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Its terrible morbidity was shown in the Lindbergh kidnaping. Its gullibility was demonstrated by Ponzi, and many others, including the Ohio gang which clustered around Harding.

Women had their chance to improve the lot of mankind, and particularly of children in labor. And they had their chance to clean up politics. But women, once they had attained the right to the ballot, lost all interest in it, and returned to their more congenial pursuits of styles, social events, and gossip. A cult of pseudo-romantic love worshipers sprang up, and magazines and moving pictures dispensed a variety of unreal guff that resulted in curious psychical manifestations.

The logical upshot of all this was the depression, and a wave of suicides, and insanity soaring upward. The Roosevelt administration came along, and found itself pinned to the task of keeping the nation from going to pieces while at the same time striving to repair damage to our world position which proved almost irretrievable. The isolationists and the Old Guard Republicans fought against every effort to arm and get ready for the day of doom to come.

And finally, inevitable aftermath of all this, the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor, and America found itself struggling in a war for which it was then but ill-prepared.

Reading Mr. Robinson's vivid castigation, the reader finds himself agreeing over and over. Yes, yes, that's the way it was, he says. He remembers the almost incredible manifestations of the national boobery, the national complacency, the national causeless ferocity, the national lack of good taste.

And yet "Fantastic Interim" is not a full picture. It is limited by its focus. Mr. Robinson sets out to develop a thesis and does so. It is a mental pick-me-up which has great value. But the deep underlying trends of America are missing here. The underlying common sense of America, the underlying courage of America, the underlying great constructive gifts of America, are being amply demonstrated now that we are at last in the war. He seems to recognize this, and the purpose of "Fantastic Interim" is obvious. It is the author's fervent prayer that by writing it he can do a yeoman's part in preventing a recurrence of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover ineptitude in foreign affairs, and thereby perhaps save the nation from its inturning psychoses.

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—*From "Eyes on the World."*

Rise and fall of the NRA.

Columbia University Press announces that plans are under way to publish next September the first and only comprehensive study of Thomas Jefferson's philosophy. The book, entitled "The Philosophy of Thomas Jefferson," is by Adrienne Koch, formerly instructor in philosophy at New York University and now with the Office of War Information. Miss Koch's book is the result of a careful study of Jefferson's writings, including his commonplace books and letters.

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TRADE Winds

THE STORY OF VARIETY

THE form of entertainment that gave that extraordinary weekly *Variety* its name and its reason for existence has long since faded from view, bludgeoned into insensibility by the rising tide of motion pictures, and delivered the ultimate coup de grâce by radio. Brilliant editing and timing, however, first by its founder, Sime Silverman, and later by its incumbent maestro, Abel Green, have preserved for the paper a unique and powerful position in American journalism. *Variety,* with typical unconcern for advertisers and competitors, has consistently refused to publish its circulation figures or its annual profits. It is known, however, that it reaps a bigger fortune every year. It has long since ceased to be merely "the Bible of Broadway." It is read by thousands of people at home and abroad who have no connection whatever with the show business. It covers not only the stage, screen, and radio, but the world of sports, books, music, hotels, and night life, and occasionally politics. It has influenced the American language more than any other periodical, made and broken stars, and nurtured on its staff cub reporters (muggs, in its own vernacular) who are commanding figures today in journalism and show business. For anybody who likes to keep abreast of public tastes and fancies, *Variety* is a categorical imperative.

Sime Silverman was born in Cortland, N. Y., and raised in Syracuse, and, though he soon came to New York to seek his fortune, he went back to his home town for a bride. The unsuccessful rival for her hand was Sam Shubert, who died some years later in a train wreck, and left a half million dollars and a flourishing show business to his brothers, Jake and Lee. The Shuberts and *Variety* just do not seem to like each other. Many a battle, in court and out, has been waged between them. The Shuberts generally finish second, if at all.

Sime Silverman entered show business by a side door. The old *New York Telegraph* gave him a job as theatrical reporter, and promptly fired him when he had the temerity to pan an act that advertised in its columns. Sime had violated a tradition which still flourishes in the world of make believe. More than one shady rag on Broadway and in Hollywood has managed to survive for a spell by trading rave reviews for full-page displays, or wangling personal "ads" under threats of unfavorable publicity and scandal mongering. This polite form of blackmail stuck in Sime's gullet. He dreamed of a paper that would give a truthful picture of the vaudeville, or variety, business. In 1905 his experiment in honest theatrical journalism was baptised. The first issue of *Variety* was produced on a capital of $2,500—all borrowed. The editorial sanctum was a single room in the old Knickerbocker Building. The furniture cost thirty-nine dollars.

FOR several years, *Variety's* existence was precarious. Sime was usually one step ahead of the sheriff. When he wasn't, the sheriff was one step ahead of him. But the golden days of vaudeville were at hand, and Sime began to share in the prosperity. His reviews, always on the level, began to carry weight; his uncanny ability to spot a future great in an obscure little act helped persuade the big shots that *Variety* was required reading. In the very first issue, Sime reviewed an act called "The Three Keatons" and singled out a youngster billed as "Buster." "That kid is destined to be a headliner," he predicted. A short time later he covered a boisterous turn entitled "A Night in a London Music Hall." "Watch the little drunk in the right-hand box," cautioned Sime. The world is still watching him. His name is Charlie Chaplin. Al Jolson was another early discovery of Silverman's and so was the inimitable Jimmie Durante.

Abel Green took over Sime's job on *Variety* as easily as sitting down in a chair.

Vaudeville had neighborhood and small town business pretty much to itself in 1910. Kids had no movies or radio to distract them. My own boyhood memories, for instance, center about the Alhambra Theatre, and an adjoining candy store named Simonet's that specialized in French caramels. My idea of heaven was a Saturday matinee, with a bill that featured, perchance, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry in "The Rube," or the Six Brown Brothers, or a dramatic sketch called "Circumstantial Evidence" (the scene was a jury room, and it turned out that the man who held out against a verdict of "guilty" was actually the one who had committed the murder. Boy, what a denouement!) The flash act was likely to be a Jesse Lasky one-act musical comedy, like "The Read Heads." One fall, Matty and "Chief" Meyers played the circuit. I waited at the stage door and got Matty's signature on a Louisville slugger —but the ink smeared before I got it home! Sometimes the neighborhood gang would save up for weeks to finance an expedition to the ace house of the day—the Colonial (the Palace had not yet been built by Martin Beck) —where Jules Lenzberg's Harmonists played the overture in style, and fourteen-year-old Romeos hatched romances that were continued later at sophisticated *thé dansants* in the Hotel Ansonia. This is the sort of memories evoked by the yellowing files of *Variety* for 1910!

ANOTHER department introduced about that time was burlesque, which, despite the best laid plans of mice and Minsky, is even deader than vaudeville today. As far back as 1908, however, Sime had run his first review of a motion picture show on Fourteenth Street. Now he began to add pages of picture news as fast as Marcus Loew and William Fox acquired theatres. By the time that Broadway's first de luxe picture palace opened in 1912, Sime knew that this blossoming industry was his ace in the hole. The theatre, incidentally, was the Strand, and the initial attraction was Rex Beach's "The Spoilers," which has been remade regularly every few years since. Shortly thereafter, the Vitagraph Company took over the Criterion Theatre, and D. W. Griffith made "The Birth of a Nation." This picture, which cost the hitherto prohibitive sum of $110,000, grossed over $18,000,000 at the box office, and revolutionized the show business of the world. When a finish fight with the powerful Albee interests threatened Sime's career, and a series of actors' strikes led to a further loss of revenue, it was

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the picture business that saved the day for him. He sensed the growing power of radio in much the same way. A typical 48-page issue of *Variety* today will disclose about eighteen pages devoted to pictures, sixteen to radio, and the rest divided between legitimate, vaudeville, bands, "literati," and other departments.

One of *Variety's* chief claims to fame is the violent assaults that it has made on the English language. The briefest catalogue of its contribution to present-day vernacular would include such toothsome morsels as "scram," "palooka," "bimbo," "whodunit," "corny," "S.A.," "gams," "borscht circuit," and "brusheroo." Most of these expressions grew into being in the course of racy reportage by Sime himself, Johnny O'Connor, Jack Conway, and the present editor, Abel Green. *Variety's* columnists also coined their full share: Joe Laurie, Jr., Milton Berle, Fred Allen, Claude Binyon, George Jessel, Groucho Marx, J. C. Nugent, and Cecelia Ager. Winchell wrote stray pieces for the sheet; later, when he became a daily columnist on Macfadden's horrendous *Graphic*, he was given some of his earliest scoops by the always-in-the-know muggs from *Variety*. Jack Lait, big Hearst executive, still likes to contribute an occasional piece to his favorite weekly, for which he once worked as Chicago branch manager.

Variety's headlines are famous. Best known are undoubtedly its streamer for the 1929 panic: "Wall Street Lays an Egg," and its heading for a story explaining the failure of sagas of country life in the farm belt: "Stix Nix Hix Pix." Collectors also smack their lips over "Bliz Boffs Buff" (the story of how a Buffalo snowstorm blitzed theatre receipts there one week), and the headline for a report that the D. A.R. had protested the facsimile of Washington on a new two-cent stamp issue: "Dames Want George's Schnoz Bobbed!"

Copies of *Variety* are likely to turn up in the most unexpected places. I found one, for instance, in Bernard Shaw's apartment in 1938. My mission was to persuade him to let us include "Saint Joan" in a Theatre Guild anthology. Mr. Shaw said "no." Then I noticed *Variety*. When I expressed surprise, Shaw told me he wouldn't be without it. "I thought I knew the English language," he said, "until one day I saw *Variety* in a friend's home. Upon my soul, I didn't understand a word of it. I subscribed at once!" This led to a long discussion of the sheet's history, and a marked unbending on the part of Mr. Shaw. It ended with him giving us the permission after all—upon payment of exactly twice as much as we paid any other contributor. "After all," pointed out Mr. Shaw, "without me, you have no anthology!" Shaw is only one of thousands of British subscribers to *Variety*.

A particularly hectic period in *Variety's* history was ushered in with the advent of prohibition. Sime knew all the night clubs and speakeasies, and the mobs that managed them. Jimmie Walker suggested that the entire Forty-second Street area be known as Sime's

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•

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Square. The Night Club section of *Variety* expanded, and the sinister hold that racketeers fastened on the show business and its workers was duly reported in its columns. On one of his nocturnal prowls, Sime wandered into a "boite" strictly from hunger. It was called the Club Durant, and featured an act billed as Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. Sime promptly became fascinated by their mad antics, and ran up a check of two hundred dollars in the course of the evening. Night after night he returned, bringing with him leading reporters and men-about-town of the day. "Schnozzola" was soon the toast of the town. He is still bringing down the house—but literally!—at the swank Copacabana on East Sixtieth Street. When Francis Meynell, distinguished head of the Nonesuch Press, visited America some years ago, the first thing he demanded to see was the incredible Jimmie Durante he had read about in *Variety*.

IN 1933, Sime Silverman felt that his life was nearing an end. One day he called Abel Green over to his desk, remarked simply "You sit here, Abel," and left the office. That was the nearest thing to an official appointment as editor that Abel ever received, but he has held down the job from that day to this, and *Variety* goes rolling along. When Sime died, his son Sid became owner and publisher, and eight staffers, including Green, were left shares of stock in the company. The paper, by this time, was housed in its present location—an abandoned couturiere's salon on Forty-sixth Street. Green's desk, in full view of passers-by, is on the dais where sleek models once displayed three hundred dollar gowns. The staff is scattered through the five-story building. When Abel wants somebody he hollers for him. Sime taught them all the trick of writing notes with their hands in their pockets. You don't know that they have taken down your uninhibited conversation until the next edition hits the stands!

Green is a product of New York University. He walked into *Variety* in 1919, and got a job writing obits and contacting small-time agents. Within a decade, he was one of Sime's aces and was sent abroad to organize a Paris office and *Variety's* general European Service. He was in Saint-Phalle's brokerage office on that fateful October day when the market collapsed, and saw such show world notables as Al Woods and Winnie Sheean go several shades lighter than Blithe Spirit as the dire tidings came dribbling over the cables. That was the end of Abel's dream of a French edition of *Variety*. ("Can you imagine reading Varietyese in haute française yet?" laughs Abel today. "It's tough enough to read it in early Lindyese on Fifty-second Street!")

Today Abel Green knows everybody in the theatrical world by his first name. His entry into Sardi's, "21," Toots Shor's, or the Stork Club in New York,, or Romanoff's or Chasen's in Hollywood, is in the nature of a triumphal march. He has never given anybody a dirty deal in his life, so everybody trusts him. The worst thing I ever heard him say about an acquaintance was "He's an N. T. guy" (N. T. means "no talent"). Dapper, bow-tied, serene, he does his job thoroughly but without fanfare, his day a success when he hears a fresh gag, or adds a new word to the slanguage. The first time I met him, his parting remark was "Stay with 'em, boy. I think you've got B. O.!" When he noted the horrified look on my face he explained, "Box office, boy, box office!" I've been a carer for the Green ever since.

A desperate actor once told Abel Green "For ten thousand dollars I'd commit suicide right on the center of the stage!" "Great stuff," commented Abel. "But what would you give 'em for an encore?" His entire review of one atrocious film was "It went in one eye and out the other." At a dentist's office one morning, he heard a lady patient arguing over her bill. The gold inlay was ninety dollars. "Can't you make it eighty?" begged the lady. The rest of the bill was a hundred and forty. "Can't you make it a hundred and twenty?" she demanded. Finally she asked what time the doctor expected her on the following morning. "Eleven o'clock," said the dentist. Abel answered for the surprised patient. "Can't you make it ten-thirty?" he asked. A hinterland visitor whom he was entertaining at "21" asked, "Have they a regular two dollar dinner here?" "Sure," said Abel. "Do you want it on white or on rye?" For the most part, however, *Variety's* editor, like his paper, refrains from wise cracks, and reports accurately and fairly the sayings and doings of others.

Twelve years ago, Green added another department to *Variety*. "Literati" is his name for it, and it contains interesting gossip of the book and newspaper world. Of late, there has been a flattering increase of attention to the contents of the *SRL* in the "Literati" page. This piece is acknowledgment of a sort. It is also aimed to convince you that if you do not read *Variety*, you have no idea how much you're missing!

BENNETT CERF.

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The Battlefront in Russia

ROUND TRIP TO RUSSIA. By Walter Graebner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippin-Company. 1943. 216 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

WALTER GRAEBNER, *Time-Life-Fortune* correspondent in Russia, brought the most spectacular war film from that country to America. It was released by the "March of Time" under the title of "One Day of War" and is the most honest, cruel, horrifying, and sincere documentary film ever made.

"Round Trip to Russia" is also a documentary work. It gives spot news from behind the Russian front, is well written, informative although never startling, and tells of the experiences of a newspaperman who did his best to understand the Russian people without the knowledge of the Russian language. He found them to be "good people, brave and strong, and willing to make any sacrifices, not out of fear, but out of love for their country and out of hatred for Fascism."

Mr. Graebner did not see Stalin or any other of the leading men in Soviet Russia. He calls Stalin the "number one bureaucrat of Russia." He found that the Russians do not think Stalin is close to them. "He is looked upon as a kind of god seated on a throne in the Kremlin." Mr. Graebner also came to the conclusion that the Russian people are as different from Americans as the Chinese are. And he found that the Russians are "probably the least sex-conscious people in the world." But he believes that Americans and Russians can get along exceptionally well together in spite of their different systems of government.

Mr. Graebner wrote down what he saw. He apparently did not study the history of Russia or the history of the revolution. He says the Russians "probably" like their system more now than they ever did before, that Russians "probably" believe in their system, and although they believe in it they seem to have no intention of forcing socialism on others. The government, instead of being for the people, is for Russia as a state, and for the bureaucracy which controls it.

The author visited a farm near Moscow, he walked about the streets of Stalingrad before it became an inferno, and he describes a Rostov factory "loaded onto freight cars and shipped" to Moscow. Half of the employees were women who worked seventy-seven hours a week. He went to church twice in Russia. Religion, he found, was not dead in Russia, but "all indications were that it is in an extremely unhealthy condition." He also visited an Officer's Training School and, like most other foreigners, he spent many hours watching the ballet, which represents "probably" the country's highest artistic achievement.

When Mr. Graebner with other foreign correspondents was taken to the front, he found the villages almost completely devastated. The young people looked less starved than he had anticipated. He saw evidence of the accuracy of Red artillery and he examined hundreds of letters written to and from German soldiers on the Russian front. Not a single letter made mention of Hitler. One letter said: "We are told that the seventeen-year-olds are already being called up. That happened in the last war too—and then it was soon over." But one German soldier wrote: "Yesterday we hanged two evil women . . . I don't think we should even let Russian children live. They grow up and become guerrillas — everybody should be hanged."

Everybody in Russia is talking about the "Second Front." Everybody thinks that Russia cannot count on real help

Walter Graebner

from America and Britain. They believe that America and Britain owe their salvation to the Russian army.

Mr. Graebner records the Russian panorama with the fairness of a veteran reporter. "Round Trip to Russia" is not a great book and many observations may be inaccurate. But it makes excellent reading.

The Factors of Warfare

THE STORY OF WEAPONS AND TACTICS FROM TROY TO STALINGRAD. By Tom Wintringham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 230 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

FIRE and movement, or as some people term them, shock action and mobility, are the mechanical factors of war. They are complementary. Add to one, and you must subtract from the other. So it has gone through the ages, as the first cave man to use other than his bare hands in battle discovered, when he found that a nice big rock would bash in the other fellow's skull. Splendid; but one couldn't run as fast, and one couldn't dodge as skilfully, when lugging it along.

Tom Wintringham, guerrilla, has found this out, and in the finding has written a very human and interesting book. He has discovered, one gathers in the reading, that there is something to the academic study of that grim business we call war. The present volume is much better written, has a more professional outlook than his previous "New Ways of War," which was more in the nature of a handbook, on little wars—partisan or guerrilla warfare.

> I write [says the author] then, for civilians and soldiers, being sure that in a democracy at war the part of it that does the fighting and the part that works at home need to have a unity of understanding . . . The stevedore deciding how to dump part of a cargo, and the Prime Minister or President deciding on the aims of whole armies, both need to have a general idea of the sort of war they are waging, the "priorities" involved, the first things we need to have and to do.

Well said, indeed. On the other side lies the valor of ignorance.

Wintringham scans the history of war, insofar as weapons and tactics are concerned. He divides this military history into six periods, armored and unarmored, as mobility or shock action respectively held the balance of power. These "solid slices of the past" approximate 500-year cycles.

One can pick flaws. This reviewer disagrees with the author's statement that "militia or volunteer forces made up hastily from civilians can more easily do the common-sense thing or adopt the obvious tactics." They won't, unless they have competent leadership. It is the leader, professional or natural soldier, who improvises, who makes the best use of weapons in relationship to the terrain, the objective, and his adversary. If not, he is no leader, and his force meets defeat.

Mr. Wintringham says that Napoleon was the first to win power by utilizing artillery to its fullest capa-

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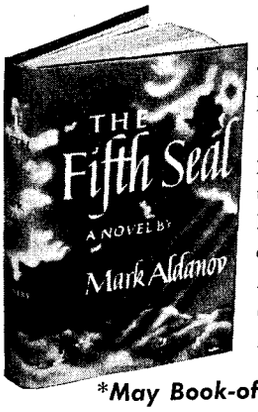

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bilities, and in the next breath flatly states: "Napoleon had not the smallest interest in tactics." Surely Napoleon's concept of the *"grande batterie,"* concentration of fire in support of the main effort, was the height of battle tactical disposition.

Mr. Wintringham decries what he terms the "social myth" of a professional officer corps. "This myth came to pieces during most real wars; the American Civil War was largely fought by 'civilian' leaders," he remarks. Not so, Mr. Wintringham. Political appointees and other untrained commanders spilt much blood in futility during the early stages. A few "naturals" emerged, like Forrest. But when the war ended, all armies in the field on both sides were commanded by graduates of the U. S. Military Academy. The professional leaven vitalized the loaf.

But let's forget these things. "The Story of Weapons and Tactics" is written in understanding vein. More to the point, since it is written by a non-professional soldier, the truths it brings out will be assimilated by the man in the street who always looks askance at the words of the professional. The book is a worthy addition to our war literature.

Area for Redemption

PACIFIC BLACKOUT. By John McCutcheon Raleigh. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 244 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

BECAUSE of the historical and strategic importance of the loss of Java and the Netherlands East Indies, it was desirable that someone, preferably a newspaperman, should write a book about Japan's quick conquest of that area which could supplement Jack Belden's excellent story of the loss of Burma, "Retreat With Stilwell."

"Pacific Blackout," written by a young American newsman and CBS radio broadcaster named John McCutcheon Raleigh, partially fills this need, factually at least, although the Raleigh work is not the fine and vivid piece of writing which Belden achieved.

The Dutch in the East Indies well deserved to have the tale of their attempts at preparedness and their stubborn resistance to invasion sympathetically told, and this Mr. Raleigh accomplishes very well indeed. One of his chapter headings, "Grim Remembrance," might well have been chosen for the title of the whole book, for here again, as in the case of Singapore and Malaya, the case of the Philippines, and the case of Burma, the story is one of blundering and tragic errors.

"Pacific Blackout" contains many a stirring story of importance which censorship in distant places kept from the American newspapers at times when real knowledge of what was going on would have been of great enlightening value to the American public. It is still news, for instance, to learn at long last that when the British "coördinator," Alfred Duff Cooper, arrived in Java less than three months before the Japanese attacked, he boasted that he could and would "make Far Eastern allied interests so impregnable that there can be no repetition of Europe's unpreparedness, and the resulting aggression." Duff Cooper also gave boastful assurances that British legions would come from Singapore immediately to help the Dutch if the Japanese attacked Java. Then Mr. Raleigh has this to say:—

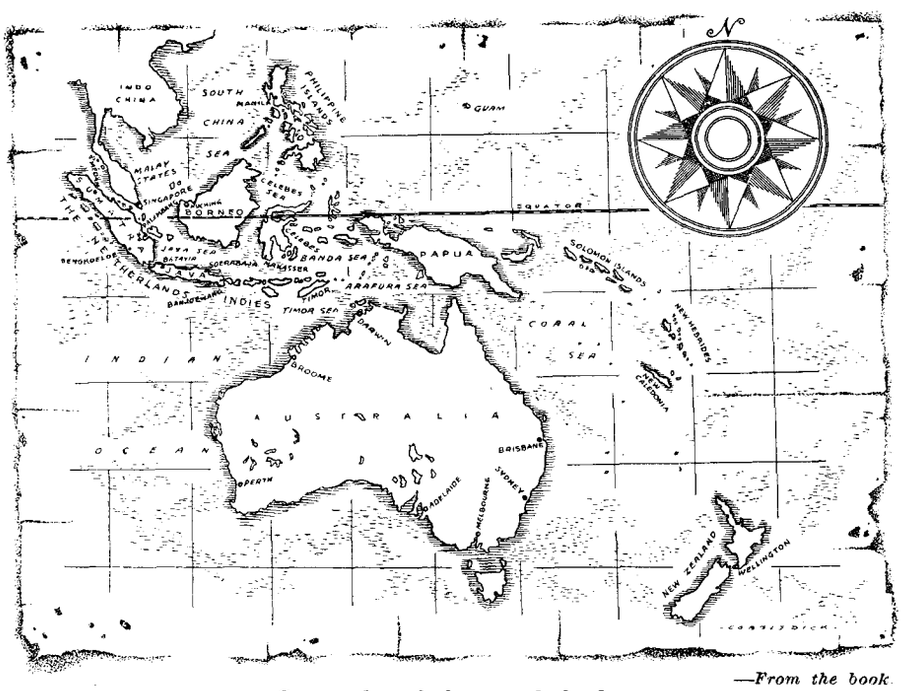
> Thousands of British troops did arrive in Java later, but not as Duff Cooper inferred. They were refugees from Singapore, and came hungry, disheveled and unarmed. The Dutch received them coldly. There was no place to accommodate the swarms of men who piled off boats of every description. Unfortunately some of the officers were distinctly "old school tie." Bad feelings between unwilling Dutch hosts and "Dukka fellas" flamed up immediately. There were incidents. Toward the end signs were posted at the entrances to Dutch private clubs and restaurants. They read:—"No Dogs or Englishmen Allowed." . . .

Dutch preparedness measures and foresight are given full credit, as are the careful precautions against Japanese seizure of airports or the effective landings of paratroops. The book also reveals Admiral Helfrich's pleas to London to be permitted to attack the Japanese armada which gathered off Indo-China just before Pearl Harbor, and the brusque rejection of his sound arguments.

Here is a book which at last gives the administrators and naval and military leaders of the Dutch East Indies full credit. It will be a shock to most Americans to learn that while we were caught unalert in Hawaii and in the Philippines, the Dutch many hours before the attack upon Pearl Harbor invited British planes from Singapore to help patrol their northern islands, and opened their airfields on the island of Timor and their naval and air base at Amboina to Australian ships and planes.

In view of the fact that almost every fortnight Washington issues a new long list of Americans known to be prisoners of the Japanese on the island of Java, Mr. Raleigh's description of the internment camp at Batavia is of special interest. More than 50,000 Dutch, British, Americans, and half castes are imprisoned now, he says, within the confines of the Batavia Cricket Club. The building could comfortably handle a crowd of about three hundred revelers; the grounds are no larger than "the size of two sandlot baseball grounds."

The closing chapters of "Pacific Blackout" deal with the author's experiences in Australia. He does not share the general admiration for that continent nor for its people. Though he gives them full credit for courage, he harshly criticizes their deficiencies of administration, and blames the alleged selfishness of Australian labor for some of the United Nations disasters in the South Pacific.



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The Saga of the Big Rock

SOUTH FROM CORREGIDOR. By Lt. Comdr. John Morrill, U. S. N., and Pete Martin. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

WE THOUGHT WE HEARD THE ANGELS SING. By Lieut. James C. Whittaker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 139 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

JAPANESE guns were already landed at one end of Corregidor. Seaward, enormous waterspouts rearing up in long, straight rows indicated the half-ton mines being blown up from a control room on the Rock. In the afternoon, Japanese dive bombers came in endless relays over the defenseless and bleeding Corregidor and Caballo.

Only fifty yards from Caballo—close enough to be stunned by the explosions of enemy bombs—Lieut. Comdr. Morrill and a few sailors watched the last tragic minutes of a tragic battle. Because of a technicality, they were still free to seek escape, and they did not intend to give up. Some others of Comdr. Morrill's men were already being disarmed prior to surrender when they received whispered instructions to report to him.

That night, on a 36-foot-long Diesel boat, such as comes chugging up to Ninety-Sixth Street in New York with liberty parties when the fleet is in, Comdr. Morrill and seventeen of his men fled from Manila Bay. Japanese destroyers were already on a death watch outside, and the first lap of the journey had to be done over a live mine field.

In the thirty-one days which followed, peril was a constant companion of the little band. It was with them, for instance, that night when a Japanese destroyer sailed into their cover for a night's stay. Fortunately, the boat was buried under a thick blanket of freshly cut foliage, and the enemy did not expect fugitives a bare five hundred yards away. In the morning, the destroyer sailed away.

Peril was with them again when a Japanese patrol plane swept two hundred feet over the camouflaged boat, but failed to see it. And their hearts skipped a few beats when a big Japanese tanker crossed their path, but fortunately ignored them. One dark night, the boat slipped through the Japanese blockade by sailing boldly through a flock of destroyers. Then the tidal current caught the boat and held it motionless, within shouting distance of two destroyers and two huge surfaced submarines. For three hours, the boat wrestled with the current, until the leaking engine ran out of oil. Wild-eyed, the band watched itself being swept all the way back through the enemy patrol lines it had already penetrated. It was just before dawn that the boat finally escaped.

One of the major problems of the band was their engine, a small, constantly leaking four-cylinder affair. Yet, luck was with the men, and the engine never failed them at the critical moment. So accustomed had they become to its purring that when the sound stopped even for a minute they all grew restless and would not regain ease until it worked again.

All through the voyage, the eighteen men enjoyed the loyal, cheerful, and willing help of the Filipinos. Sometimes at the risk of their lives, often at hardship to themselves, the Filipinos gave aid and comfort to the small band. Only once did the Filipinos cold-shoulder the Americans. It was only much later that Comdr. Morrill found out that the village had already been occupied by the Japanese, and the Filipinos were trying to warn the band by being demonstratively unfriendly.

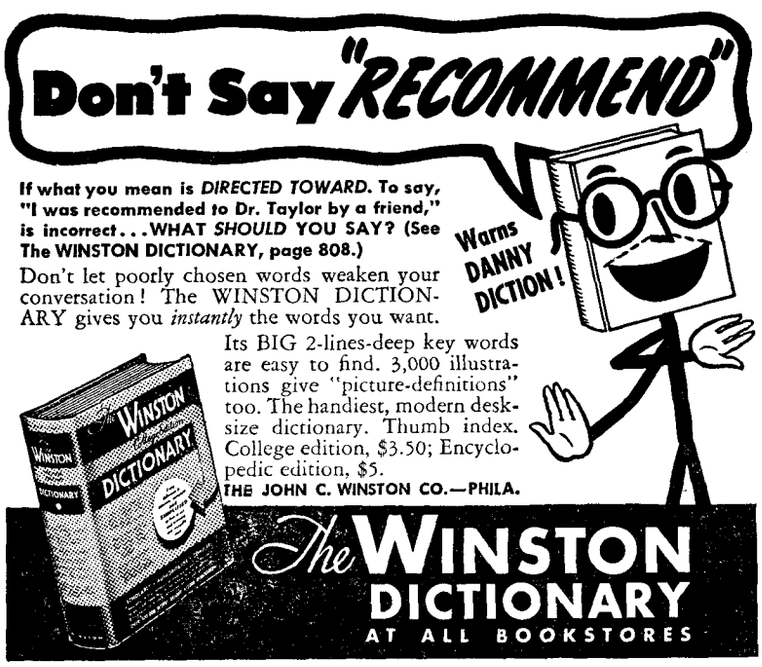
For thirty-one days, the boat played tag with enemy warships, hidden reefs, storms, and imagined perils. During every minute of this trying period, the men—"an average slice of America"—displayed good cheer, great courage, and ingenuity. And as soon as food replenished their store of nervous and physical energy, they began to plot a "one-boat invasion" of the Japanese-occupied territory. It required tact and firmness on Comdr. Morrill's part to quash these ambitions.

The tale of this perilous journey is written simply—as epics should be. But it is also crammed with drama, from the very first words on: "Bataan died protesting, hating the business of dying. A handful of its guns complained about it bitterly to the end. . . ." The credit for this deft and moving writing goes to Pete Martin, Associate Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and a top-notch writer.

Part of the book has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Yet, even those who have read the articles should not miss this moving compound of Odyssey, "Robinson Crusoe," and vital American history. And when the Council on War Books meets again to pick its next "Imperative," it would do well to consider this readable, dramatic, and inspiring book.

Lieut. James Whittaker's "We Thought We Heard the Angels Sing" is made of the same heroic dough, but by much less expert hands. Written in collaboration with Charles Leavelle, of the *Chicago Tribune*, it is based on a series of articles published in that paper. The book still retains the thinness and choppiness that newspaper articles must of necessity have.

Lieut. Whittaker's story is of the eight men whose plane crashed in the South Pacific and who spent three weeks on tiny rubber rafts without food or water. To a degree, it is also the story of Lieut. Whittaker's rediscovery of God as the results of miraculous escapes from thirst, hunger, and death. It is interesting to note that it is not Eddie Rickenbacker, but Capt. Bill Cherry, the pilot, who emerges as the real leader, calm and able. It is equally interesting to record that while Lieut. Whittaker addressed hundreds of thousands of war workers on his experiences, he did not embark on a one-man anti-labor crusade.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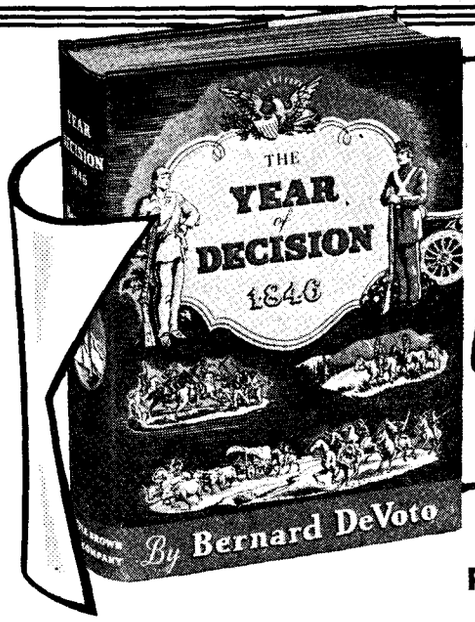

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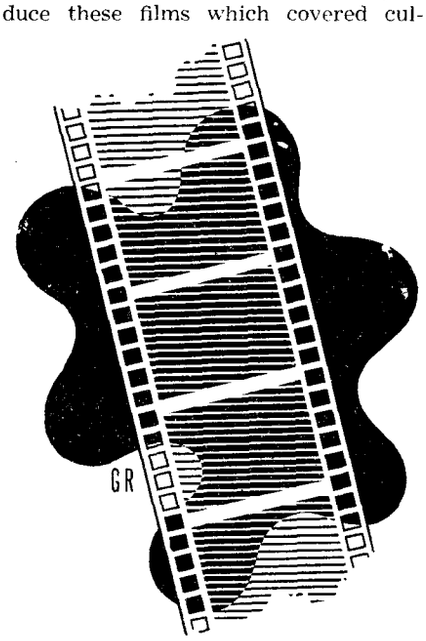
Film Phenomena

THE FILM WORLD LOOKS TO LATIN AMERICA

WHEN Nelson Rockefeller faced the problem of enlisting the motion picture to assist in the coördination of Latin-American affairs, he drafted John Hay Whitney to head that division. It was a wise choice because Whitney had had a great deal of practical experience in the commercial and artistic theatre and understood the delicate problem of art and entertainment. He was also a partner in the most successful and enterprising unit of the motion picture world—the David O. Selznick Productions ("Rebecca," "Gone With The Wind").

The first conclusion reached was that the motion picture division should be a two-way proposition—to acquaint the United States with the life and activities of the other American republics and to tell the other American republics about the United States.

Several steps were taken. A New York office was set up to distribute special film dealing with Latin America—regular size film (or 35 mm.) to the theatres and a 16 mm. organization to distribute film for private homes, schools, embassies, consulates, churches, and other non-theatrical showings. In order to supply this distribution much film had to be produced, assembled, and re-edited. The New York office drew upon all agencies that had film which was usable, such as producing companies, Government agencies, newsreels, film libraries, etc. This was complex and important work as it entailed proper editing and the Museum of Modern Art joined to assist in this effort. Many professional film workers offered their services to produce these films which covered cultural, medical, sanitation, artistic, educational, industrial, and military subjects. Most of these were of the 16 mm. type.



In addition a newsreel was especially produced and distributed in Latin America covering subjects of special interest to those countries.

An agreement was entered into with "March of Time" to produce some special subjects.

The motion picture division then arranged to have the Code Administration of the Motion Picture Producers Association add to this staff an expert to look at all scripts as well as the finished features of the producing companies to eliminate anything that might be inaccurate or offensive to Latin America.

The coördinator's office then arranged for Orson Welles to go to Brazil to photograph in color a feature film which has not yet been completed.

AN effective arrangement was made with Walt Disney who, with his staff, made a tour of Latin America and then produced "Saludos Amigos" as their first major effort. This is being followed by another feature on Latin America and a feature on Mexico. In addition to these features Disney has completed for this program some amazing short subjects on corn, malaria, and morale. He has also produced "Der Fuehrer's Face" and "Education for Death" at the request and with the encouragement of the coördinator's office.

At the same time the coördinator's office organized in Hollywood the Motion Picture Society for the Americas, a non-profit organization headed by all the producing heads of the leading companies. This was on a voluntary basis. This group pledged itself to devote their resources and efforts to further mutual education between the Americas and in the first year to include twenty-four short subjects dealing with Latin America in their companies' programs.

Although the commitment was for twenty-four shorts, these companies jointly produced over forty short subjects at no cost to this Government agency. This was done before we entered the war.

With the declaration of war the program of activities was stepped up and the motion picture division organized its own department in Hollywood to prepare scripts for the short subjects in order that the content would be carefully researched and would fit in

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with the overall program that the coordinator's office had instituted rather than depend on the studios. At the present writing these scripts are being completed and their production about to be arranged.

A local radio division was also set up in Hollywood to prepare broadcasts and transcriptions using the motion picture talent which is so popular in Latin America.

The Motion Picture Society for the Americas has had splendid coöperation from the industry in entertaining Latin-American missions of every type, all of whom want to see Hollywood and its personalities.

It has also participated in all the Inter-American conferences at the many educational institutions in and around Los Angeles and there is every reason to expect splendid results from the alliance of the educational institutions and the industry in the problem of enlightenment.

It is astounding to hear from all the visitors, whether Chilean government officials or Argentine journalists, the unanimous opinion that the films and their personalities are the most helpful source of understanding between the nations. This by no means excuses the mistakes that have been and undoubtedly will be made from time to time in the future when the problems are so complex but the overall effect is definitely a plus value regardless of criticism. Incidentally I would like to comment here that many critics and amateurs coming into the field recommend that historical subjects on Latin-American history be made. Only this week a leading Mexican producing executive told me of the disastrous results they had with historical subjects (the very ones suggested); that, although the critics had praised them and in spite of the fact that they were made in Spanish, the Spanish and Portugese will outgross most films made in the United States—but not historical or so-called highbrow films. This is well to bear in mind when discussing any educational program dealing in the millions as is the case with motion pictures.

Many other projects are in hand in this important development which I hope will continue into the post-war period. One of the most interesting objectives is the assistance to other countries in the development of their own motion picture industries. Francis Alstock, who succeeded Whitney when he joined the Army, is doing an outstanding job in connection with the Mexican film industry. This involves securing equipment, building studios, obtaining raw film stock, manpower, etc. A splendid example of non-imperialistic policy!

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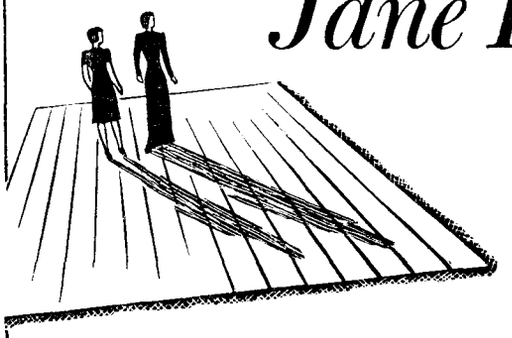

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Alaska's Part in the War

WAR DISCOVERS ALASKA. By Joseph Driscoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1943. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE discovery of Alaska as vital to global strategy, and the Territory's resulting transformation, has given rise to a corresponding literature. A new "spell of the Yukon" is upon us. A rush, more dynamic than that of the gold-seeking sourdoughs of '98 to the Klondike and Nome, is scattering a new group of no less determined pioneers and prospectors in the uniforms of our armed services in quest of an even more priceless commodity—liberty! Pursuit of the yellow metal has yielded to the chase of yellow men. And the Rex Beaches, Jack Londons, and Robert Services of yesteryear who chronicled "America's last frontier" are succeeded by a new generation of war correspondents and literary trail-blazers bent on immortalizing America's first fighting front—Alaska.

Of this already considerable collection of magazine articles, syndicated series, and accounts between covers, none is comparable to Joseph Driscoll's "War Discovers Alaska." This inclusive and up to the minute survey of our vast Northwest Territory is a craftsmanlike demonstration of what an experienced journalist can produce in a short time. Driscoll, veteran observer on many fronts, domestic and foreign, spent several weeks in Alaska for *The New York Herald-Tribune.* His newspaper articles, owing to space limitations and the eccentricities of censorship, gave little idea of the range of his investigation and of the perspective and good judgment he brought to bear on his appraisal of men and events.

Although written under the stress of rapidly changing circumstance, and spread over a wide area, and thus subject to the limitations of any literary effort that is avowedly "journalistic," Driscoll's Alaska is an admirable compendium of past and present, and should occupy a secure place in the literature about Alaska. At this moment it would appear to be the "must" book for those who want to know what is happening from Ketchikan to Kotzebue, from the Alcan Highway to the Aleutians, and why Alaska is now important and destined to be more so as time goes on.

The author has managed in highly readable style to convey considerable hitherto unknown information without contravening the censorship, and has happily mingled fact, anecdote, and atmosphere. The book's thirty-one chapters, complete as vignettes yet properly sequent, cover pretty nearly what the parents of a boy in uniform stationed in Alaska would like to know. Here is first, just enough history to start the reader temptingly with a glimpse of our past neglect and belated amends—militarily speaking—to prepare Alaska for the great role Billy Mitchell foresaw. "One of the coming countries of the world," Driscoll forecasts, and comments that "Aviation and Alaska are synonymous." So there is naturally a firsthand account of "winged heroes," a tribute, based on personal contact with Alaskan flyers of a man who has flown all over the world.

We have pertinent pictures of our boys in camp, of their publications in prose and poetry, of the night life which continues the tradition of Alaska's earlier days. One true sentence should be sent to the Morale Division of the Army and become the basis for prompt action:

> Of all our armies that have been dispatched outside the States, it would be hard to find more lonesome soldiers than those in Alaska and the neighboring Yukon Territory in Canada.

Driscoll tells why. In other war sectors there is a surplus of female population. In Alaska the pre-war ratio of 2.4 girls to a man has become about one hundred to one. This incidentally has made Alaska a girls' paradise. Writes Driscoll correctly:

> Girls who come from the States to work . . . discover they can have dates every day in the week if they wish and twice on Sunday, and most of them do. Instead of sitting at home reading and knitting and waiting vainly for the telephone to ring, as the plainer ones would do back in the States, they have only to pick and choose from among all their suitors.

War exigencies have unfortunately sent out more wives, daughters, and sisters than have come in to replace them. Driscoll is sufficiently intrigued with this cosmic theme to devote two chapters to it: "Lonely Hearts" and "Paradise for Women—and Profiteers."

This last constitutes an interesting digression into some of the economic aspects of Alaskan life which have scarcely been touched upon by other commentators. These as well as the political aspects have been dimmed out for the casual observer by the great scenic beauty, by the lore and lure of the frontier; they lie temptingly ahead for fuller investigation and discussion. But Driscoll did not miss them. Nor did he overlook the less attractive aspects of the conflict between white and "native," the indigenous population of Indian, Aleut, and Eskimo which composed the original and still constitutes one-half of the permanent population of Alaska. "Jim Crow in the Deep North" is the telling title of that chapter.

While never hesitating to lift the curtain on these less attractive phases of Alaska life, "War Discovers Alaska" is a mellow and a kindly book. It contains an excellent appraisal of the long controversial Matanuska colony. Likewise there is a valuable glimpse of some "unsung soldiers," the United States Bureau of Mines prospectors searching untiringly for strategic minerals.

The book's errors are few and unimportant, and in this respect it contrasts with much that originates as journalism and later appears in book form. It lacks an index, which subsequent reprints should supply.

Appearing three-quarters of a century after "Seward's Folly," the purchase of Russian-America, and recording the most momentous transformation in Alaska's history—the making of a far country into a near one—"War Discovers Alaska" foreshadows great events—imminent. It is to be hoped that Driscoll will be reassigned to report them and set them down for the sons of the great adventure who, having kept Alaska, will be kept by it some day.

Ernest Gruening is Governor of Alaska.

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JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON

(Continued from page 26)

there is evidence that Mr. Kingsley is not so much interested in the record as he is in grist for his own mill. Thus he has even edited and changed around for his own purposes Jefferson's First Inaugural Address in such a way as to play into his own hands. It is pretty well established that the one thing that cannot be doctored, even for purposes of dramatic presentation, is a formal document. Can anyone imagine, for example, the hue and cry that would have gone up had Robert Sherwood changed around the Gettysburg Address to highlight his own ideas? Yet that is what Mr. Kingsley does in "The Patriots." Excerpts are permissible, of course, although it is too bad that Mr. Kingsley omitted the very important sentence from the speech, "We are all Republicans and and Federalists,"—a sentence, incidentally, which is not consistent with the "either-or" atmosphere of the play. But what is certainly not permissible is an *ad hoc* line such as this from Mr. Kingsley's version of the Inaugural Address:

> I believe this, on the contrary, the *only* government where every man would fly to the standard and meet invasion as his own personal concern.

Compare this with the actual line from the Address:

> I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.

All this, however, is only a secondary matter. The main purpose of this editorial is to suggest that in dealing with the rivalry between Hamilton and Jefferson, Mr. Kingsley missed the real point of the story—that this country became great not in spite of their differences but because of them. One gave it form and the other gave it substance. The very history of this country is proof that the ideas of both have gone into the making of a nation which lives both by its laws and the spirit of its laws. The meaning of America, we are told by Hamilton and Jefferson, is common ground. That is their message for our time.

True, at the end of his play, Mr. Kingsley throws history a crumb by staging a scene approaching a blurred facsimile of a reconciliation. By that time, however, history will settle for nothing less than the pie itself.

N. C.

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Of a Certain Sunday in Hawaii

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR. By Blake Clark. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

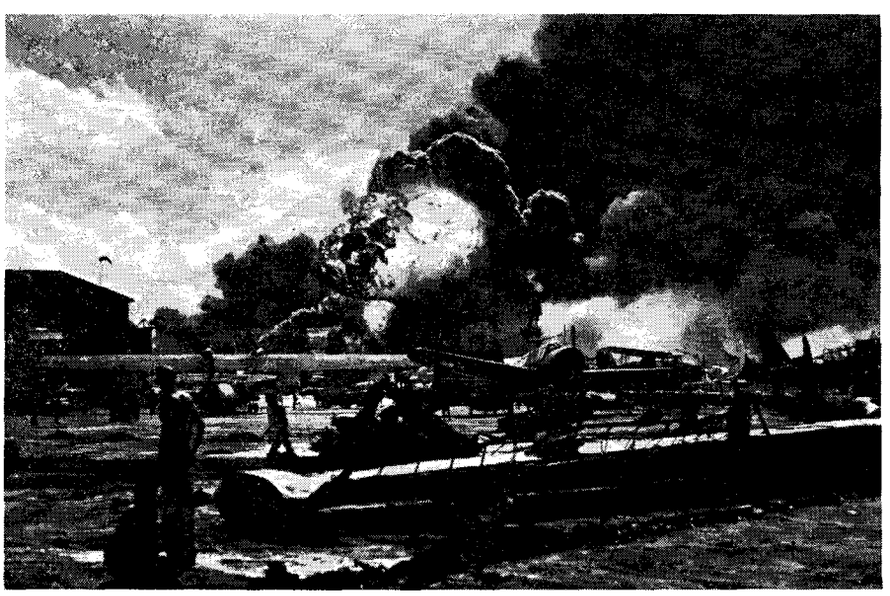
Reviewed by HUGH BYAS

MR. AND MRS. Frear's *Advertiser* had not been delivered to their home in Punahou Street, Honolulu, on the morning of Sunday, December 7, 1941. Their boarder went round to the drugstore for it and as they ate their waffles and bacon Mr. Frear, as usual, read out the "juicy bits." The boarder was Blake Clark, a young professor of English at the University of Hawaii. He had always wanted "to be present when history was being made." Before breakfast was over he had his desire. Miss Claire came running in from next door. "The Japanese are bombing Oahu." Mr. Frear told her not to get excited; it was only practice. She was back in a minute. "If you don't believe me, turn on your radio." Mr. Clark clicked the dial and heard history being made.

It is no revelation now that the Admiral and General in command were as much surprised as the Frear household. Seldom have so many suffered so much for so few and the story still makes the reader's cheeks burn. It was another case of "lions led by asses." Mr. Clark lists some of the warnings received from Washington, one of them: "Hostilities on the part of Japan are momentarily expected." The two in command did not confer, did not put into effect the joint defense plans they had rehearsed. When the Japanese came along they found the American planes lying on the ground in orderly rows, wing to wing, and eighty-six warships in the harbor, including a two-mile lane of battleships. Four of the big ships were sent to the bottom in a matter of minutes. It is hard to recall a case in history in which a more terrible price was paid for catalepsy of the high command. Pearl Harbor was the keystone of the defense of the Pacific; when it fell out the arch crumbled. Malaya, the Dutch Indies, and the Philippines went next and the whole Pacific position was in the hands of a most foolishly misjudged enemy.

The story is bitter medicine against complacency. It first appeared as a "quickie" two months after the attack. Since then Mr. Clark has interviewed every witness he could find ashore or afloat and he has obtained a striking series of pictures taken during or immediately after the raid. By collecting those first-hand narratives while they were fresh and unblurred, Mr. Clark has done a service to heroes, to historians, and to present readers. The heroism of the men in the field and on the decks and of the civilians in the town was the bright spot of a dark day. The absence of the tall thin pronoun adds to the force of a very moving narrative.

A chapter on "The Japanese Community" scuttles the unfounded reports of sabotage and fifth column work. There were no "arrows cut through canefields" pointing to the airfields, none of the road blocks which would assuredly have been arranged had there been traitors in the islands, and hundreds of Japanese rushed with other citizens to the defense of the territory and the blood banks. "Not a single act of sabotage has been committed in Hawaii since the war began."



—*From the book.*

Wreck of Naval Air Station at Pearl Harbor

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Henry and His Tin Lizzie

HENRY FORD, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS GENIUS. By William A. Simonds. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 365 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

BIOGRAPHIES may be factual or psychological. Mr. William A. Simonds has chosen to write a book of the first type in "Henry Ford, His Life, His Work, His Genius." Its 340 pages are crammed full of dates and figures. This is the book for any one who is interested in how many runabouts the Ford Company turned out in a single ten-hour day "by the middle of 1908 when William Howard Taft was preparing to run against Bryan for the presidency."

Some readers will be satisfied to learn that on the day of President McKinley's funeral "Mr. Ford was handed a small book as a gift by a friend" which changed his entire life. There are other readers, however, who would like to know more than the title of "A Short View on Great Questions," by Orlando Smith.

Mr. Simonds is a newspaper man who has worked for Mr. Ford for a number of years. He now lives in Dearborn, where he has written two or three other books on his hero. In writing this one he apparently has drawn little upon his own knowledge of the car manufacturer. Yet he has spared no efforts in digging up all the known facts about him. He has consulted some twenty-five books and rummaged through newspaper files of the last quarter of a century, culling from them Mr. Ford's spoken words on many subjects. Yet despite the thoroughness of the job, one fails to get a picture of the subject of the biography.

Mr. Ford is a complex character. In manner and conversation he brings to mind the cracker barrel philosophers who once gathered around the roaring stove of the village store. Like them, he mingles Yankee shrewdness with a note of the occult—a strange mixture of spirituality and materialism.

One of the world's wealthiest men, he professes to disdain money. A leading figure of the machine age, he is at heart more or less of a mystic; professedly indifferent of art, he collects antiques; deprecating charity, he practises it in disguised forms. There is no attempt on the part of the author to explain this contradictory personality.

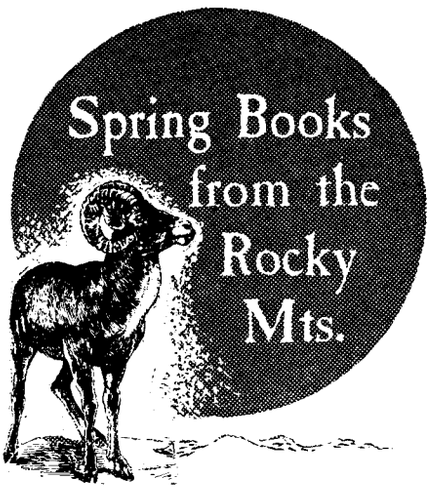
Although Mr. Simonds recites the story of how this man with little formal education taught the world to stamp out cars with dies, he fails to tell of the admiration of the creator of the "tin Lizzie" for the covered wagon. He has also fallen down in even suggesting the romance of Greenfield Village of which he was custodian for nine years. It would be interesting to learn why a man who scoffs at sentiment moved the haunts of his heroes into a village of his own making.

Mr. Simonds has been unable to find any shortcomings in him about whom he writes. Not once in the entire book has Mr. Ford been in the wrong about anything. Moreover his phobia against bankers is not explained. His defeat for the United States Senate during the last war is attributed entirely to his "concern for a maligned workman" of German nationality. His ingenuousness, as described by Mr. Simonds, concerning the Peace Ship which cost $400,000 is unbelievable. So, too, is his credulousness in permitting the attacks on the Jews which appeared in the *Dearborn Independent* and which he retracted when, Mr. Simonds says, he became convinced that they "could not be substantiated." This did not happen, however, until he had spent a million dollars in preparing a legal defense.

In Mr. Ford's attitude towards labor, the author has been more than tolerant. As an example of this attitude he says: "In the midst of the happiness occasioned by the advent of the baby girl (the first great-grandchild) the great Ford industry was suddenly paralyzed. For the first time in its thirty-eight years the company's gates were picketed at Dearborn. It was the first major labor trouble ever to beset its founder." Apparently, when he wrote this, Mr. Simonds forgot what he said forty pages previously about the beatings which occurred in connection with the United Automobile Workers' attempt to unionize the plant

In many ways Mr. Ford has treated labor fairly. On the other hand smoking is not permitted (or was not, to my knowledge, a few years ago) in some of the plants. Mr. Ford told me that he kept as many of the floors in the factories as possible highly polished so that the workers could not slouch and were compelled to be constantly "on their toes." Things such as these are not mentioned, nor is the tendency towards paternalism so evident in the living methods more or less prescribed for the workers.

Personally I am an admirer of Mr. Ford. He has his kinks, his quirks, and his shortcomings like all the rest of us. It is his frailties in combination with his genius which make him the man that he is. Above all else he is intensely human. In writing his book Mr. Simonds has apparently forgotten this fact.



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Melody and Poetics

ACROSS THE BOARDS. By David Cornel De Jong. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 84 *pp.* $2.

BROWNSTONE ECLOGUES. By Conrad Aiken. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 100 *pp.* $2.

THIS IS MY BELOVED. By Walter Benton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 48 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GUSTAV DAVIDSON

AMONG contemporary poets who have eschewed intelligibility as a mark of emancipation from the traditional patterns, rhythmic and rhetorical, David Cornel De Jong must be accorded fairly high rank. One always demurs at reporting adversely on a first book of poems, but an author with a string of five novels and innumerable magazine appearances to his credit ought to be able to take it.

"Across the Boards," which De Jong nominates a book of poems, is hardly more than a collection of labored words and phrases arbitrarily divided into stanzas, with titles that bear no ascertainable relation to the pieces they purport to describe. There is not a poem in the lot about the meaning of which two persons of average mentality are likely to agree. De Jong's striving to be modern and unorthodoxly poetic results only in a monotonous performance, befuddling to the senses, and entirely futile as far as conveying any meaning or emotion.

Conrad Aiken, appropriately named the "melodist of chaos" by Houston Peterson, has come also somewhat under the influence of the current vogue in streamlined poetics, but he has at least the saving grace of a feeling for color, an instinct for rhythm, and the accent of sincerity. While we may not understand all he says, we can guess at most of it. For one thing, wander though he may in blue mazes and iridescent voids, he never loses himself so completely that we are unable to follow him. And we follow him with eager anticipation and rewarding satisfaction. His latest work does not measure up to a good deal of what he has given us in the past ("Nocturne of Remembered Spring," "Priapus and the Pool," "The Charnel Rose," "Senlin," etc.) but there are ample evidences everywhere of a fine talent matured in usage, and several poems, notably "Blind Date," "Solitaire," "Ballad d'Hiver" and are haunting and arresting. Such sustained pieces as "Blues for Ruby Matrix" are particularly well achieved. Here and there the gold coinage of Aiken's imagery is debased by such obviously poetic lines as

> against the dark undaunted ice of time

> on the abandoned and unprosperous shores

but these are lapses which may be condoned in the body of a work as extensive and vitamin-enriched as "Brownstone Eclogues." On the whole, the present offering serves to confirm Aiken as one of America's front rank poets—one that can be counted on to give us the old exquisite wine in new bottles.

As for Walter Benton's orchidaceous "This is My Beloved," a book whose yellow, purple, and salmon decor prepares one for a round of riotous living, the best that can be said for it is that, like all efforts at negotiating ends beyond one's grasp, it overleaps itself. To be erotic is not necessarily to be poetic. When Benton is not priapically preoccupied, he is merely a passion-rousing drum-beater with little worth making a noise about. Sex—stark, staring, and salivous—is what sustains him throughout his labors. The urgencies of the flesh give him an occasional bright and flashing phrase, a bold, original, and incandescent image, but he is more often gross than glorious. Of animal heat there is always a plentiful flow; of emotional warmth or spiritual ardor there is little or none. Benton's eroticism is never disciplined, never contained; indeed, it breaks out on every page in a red rash. The entire burden of this poet's song resolves itself into an exhibition of passions in the raw publicly aired, and escaping the imputation of pornography only by masquerading as poetic exaltation. But there is no exaltation here. When Benton rhapsodizes over his triumphs between the sheets—the only area, it seems, he is at ease in—he is vivid enough. But about all his utterance there is the odor not of myrrh and frankincense but of salt and body sweat.

Conrad Aiken, "melodist of chaos."

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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Mark. 2. Martin. 3. Judah. 4. Gabriel. 5. John. 6. Alexander. 7. Hyppolyt. 8. Reginald. 9. Roger. 10. Jerome. 11. Bill, 12. Edmond. 13. Fitzwilliam. 14. William. 15. Sam. 16. Arthur. 17. Auguste. 18. Phileas. 19. John. 20. Colin. 21. Lemuel. 22. Hyman. 23. Diedrich. 24. Arsene. 25. Eugene. 26. Roger. 27. Edward. 28. John. 29. Arthur. 30. Samuel. 31. Benjamin Franklin. 32. Hercule. 33. Charles. 34. Allan. 35. Quilp. 36. Gaylord. 37. Albert. 38. Ebenezer. 39. John. 40. Florian. 41. Christopher. 42. Wackford. 43. Dink. 44. Alexander. 45. Cosmo. 46. Ephraim. 47. Jimmy. 48. François. 49. John. 50. Sheridan.

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Poisoning the Bloodstream

THE THOUSAND YEAR CONSPIRACY. By Paul Winkler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 381 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MURRAY HARRIS

MR. WINKLER'S book reminds us of the Devil's advice to Faust, "hold on to the word, you can build a theory on a word, you can raise a riot on a word." So, too, this author has built a most imposing edifice round the word "conspiracy" in what is really only an analysis of the poisoning of the German mind by the Prussian bane. The author quotes two phrases from General von Bernhardi's book, which describe in a few words the very spirit of Prusso-Teutonica. "For us there are two alternatives and no third—world dominion or ruin," and "Christian morality is personal and social and can never become a political morality." The Prussians found in Hitler their Teutonic Messiah.

"The Thousand Year Conspiracy" has its roots in the monastic Order of Teutonic Knights, a child of the Crusades. These knights, buckled in their armor, cut down the unarmed Borussian peasants and were the forerunners of the Panzer Divisions of today. Intermarrying with their victims, from them and their relatives issued the Prussian Junker caste. The tradition was kept alive when the Order became the State of Prussia and by 1870, under Bismarck, had indoctrinated the whole Reich. Barbarossa had already proclaimed himself Dominus Mundi, and the ideal is still set before the Germans. Albert von Hohenzollern became Grand Master of the Order in 1511, and after a period of eclipse, William II, his descendant, revived it at the end of the nineteeenth century.

Since the Franco-Prussian War the hold of Prussia has been consolidated over the whole of Germany. Even Bismarck, who claimed to be a liberal, admitted "I have sold my soul to the Teutonic Devil." The ruling caste consists of 13,000 manorial lords, who are artificially kept alive by subventions from Berlin, paid from a fund of two hundred and fifty million marks created for that purpose. They batten on the body politic and defend their privileges, whenever threatened by the democratic spirit, by intrigue and assassination, for which they go unpunished.

The Kaiser was only a "front" for the Prussian ruling caste and so too is Hitler. Such men of straw are willingly jettisoned or made to play the scapegoat when things go awry; the prime-movers in the background carefully note the mistakes made, and start afresh.

For the moment at least, opposition appears to have been silenced and the present generation is so permeated with the Nazi or the Prussian doctrine, between which the author sees no difference, that at the end of this war we shall have to look on Prussia as extending from Memel to Munich and from Bremen to Breslau. In the past, powerful sections were violently opposed to Prussian infiltration. They were led by the Hanseatic States and by the Guelfs or Welfs, those Princes of Hanover from whom the English royal house descends, and who still are fighting the Ghibellines or Prussians from foreign soil.

The second part of Mr. Winkler's book is a lengthy dissertation on the history of morals and the author shows us the conflict of the old German paganism—the reign of the wolves—with Christianity, which drew so much inspiration from Judaism, Greek polytheism, and the religion of the ancient Egyptians.

Mr. Winkler's book is a valuable contribution to the planning of peace, if only as a reminder of what the Germans really are. But he doesn't make a good case of his theory of an age-old conspiracy and, unconvinced, we still prefer to look on Prussianism as a state of mind, which is found even in far-off Japan and elsewhere in the world, though the cannibals appear to have grown out of it.

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The Spring Output

Some New Books for the Younger Reader

MARIA CIMINO

IN CONSIDERING some of the new children's books of this second year of war, it is interesting to note a number of good books that have their roots in the imagination. Fortunate, indeed, is the spring output in children's books, which may lay claim also to two adult books dealing with childhood, of such rare individuality as "The Human Comedy," by William Saroyan (Harcourt, Brace), and "The Little Prince," by Antoine de Saint Exupéry (Reynal and Hitchcock). "The Human Comedy" is recommended to all who have anything to do with children for its human qualities of restraint, compassion, and understanding of the eternal in childhood, as expressed through the world of four-year-old Ulysses and his brother Homer. "The Little Prince" confirms the surge of Saint Exupéry's poetic imagination which was so evident in his two earlier books. One is therefore not surprised to find here a fairy tale for which he has made the most appropriate water colors; a fairy tale that tells of the loneliness of life, as it traces the journey of a little prince from his tiny planet where he lives alone, to star after star, until he comes at last to the Earth, where he learns from a fox the true importance of love in life. It is announced as a book for adults, but children will eventually make it theirs as they have done all the great fairy tales. They will understand it even though its allegory may not be clear to them, because they will approach it and accept its possibilities with the simplicity with which they meet all eternal things.

THE world of the fairy tale is without bounds in its own dimensions and conventions. Hugh Troy has written a modern fairy tale called "The Five Golden Wrens" (Oxford). He has woven about the mystery and magic of a medieval setting an original and delightfully humorous story, with pictures, of a king in whose combination radio and crown there lived five golden wrens. Less felicitous in its accomplishment is "The Sun and the Wind and Mr. Todd," by Eleanor Estes and Louis Slobodkin, who have set themselves the very hard task of enlarging upon a fable of Aesop. A fable is not an easy thing to add to or explain; it's strength lies in its understatement and stark presentation of a moral. And though the book bears the marks of Mrs. Estes's gift for humor and Mr. Slobodkin's originality of illustration, I should prefer to leave its judgment to the children themselves.

Holiday House has added to its stories of Africa Eleanor Hoffman's "Mischief in Fez," which emerges out of ten years of life spent in North Africa. It is a tale of Djinns and gives also a realistic picture of life in Morocco, with an entirely exotic atmosphere in both its text and authentically conceived drawings by Fritz Eichenberg. The book is beautifully designed, with endpapers, chapter heads, and illustrations of unusual merit.

In "Little Navajo Bluebird," by Ann Nolan Clark, illustrated by Paul Lantz (Viking Press), we are taken into the very heart of the Navajo people. Miss Clark's understanding of the Navajo conception of the world and of life is so complete that in reading the story one finds oneself looking out from within. She tells simply, with a marked Navajo cadence, the story of a little Navajo girl who bears within her small heart the burden of the Navajos, the bitter problem of an old people whose ways of life have been broken and whose trails have been crossed by the white man. But she learns, too, how she may still love the old things and through her knowledge of the new make the old things better. This is a deeply sympathetic book, entirely harmonious in its text, illustration, and design.

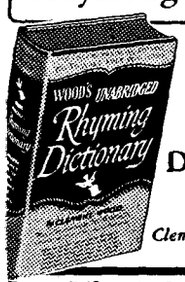
The "Jack Tales," collected by Richard Chase and illustrated by Berkeley Williams (Houghton Mifflin), come to us from the mountain country of North Carolina, handed down from one storyteller to another for generations. They are the tales of simple Jack, who always comes out on top. The European versions of these tales are very well known and it is indeed interesting to come upon them in all their humor and the full flavor of a true American folk language. Another book that makes use of American folk ways as it works up to its underlying theme "that nobody is too small to help win the war" is the story of "Corporal Keeperupper," told and pictured by Katherine Milhous (Scribner). It is an amusing and attractive little book for younger children, about a wooden soldier who has served under General Washington and in two other wars, and now that he wants to join the United States Army finds that he is undersize and a hundred years too old!

Two splendid series of stories about periods in the life of our country come to a close with the publication of "Those Happy Golden Years," by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper), and "The House Between," by Ethel Parton (Viking Press). Mrs. Wilder ends a fine group of stories based upon her own experiences in the pioneer West. Miss Parton brings to a close a series of delightful tales called "The Newberryport Chronicle" which cover the first half of the nineteenth century in New England.

Of interest also is "Beyond the Clapping Mountains," a collection of entirely new Eskimo folk tales of animal and bird life collected by word of mouth and retold by Charles E. Gillham and illustrated with some unusual drawings by Chaminum, an Eskimo child artist. Macmillan publishes it.

The Army was quick to see the value of "Here is Alaska" (Scribner), which they are using practically as a textbook on Alaska. It is a book of stunning photographs by Frederick Machetanz, with a commentary by Evelyn Steffansson, which will explain much about Alaska to adults as well as to children.

Rhyming Made Easy



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ALMANAC OF SPRING READING

(*Continued from page* 10)

ance. . . . Good news for the mystery fans in the appearance of Milton Propper's "The Blood Transfusion Murders" and Dorothy Cameron Disney's "Crimson Friday." . . . Further good news for the same readers, as well as others who prefer to get their thrills from fact rather than fiction, in the issuance of George S. Bryan's study of "The Spy in America," from the Revolutionary War to the end of the First World War. . . .

May 6

MORE SHUDDERS and chills in "The Moonlight Traveler: Great Tales of Fantasy and Imagination," edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. . . .

May 7

WALTER LIPPMANN in "U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic" builds up an admirably lucid and convincing argument to the effect that for the past fifty years American foreign policy has been not policy but the result of accident and improvisation and that the peace and security of the United States rest on the development of a definite and articulated program. . . .

May 9

CORPORAL ELIZABETH K. POLLOCK, with the collaboration of Ruth Duhime, who has arranged and slightly edited the former's letters to her family, presents a picture of how the lass in uniform deports herself in "Yes, Ma'am, The Personal Papers of a WAAC."

May 10

RELMAN MORIN, A.P. correspondent in the Far East, writes a lively account of conditions and events in the period before Japan's entry into the war in "Circuit of Conquest." . . .

May 13

HERRYMON MAURER takes one of China's great philosophers, Lao-tze, a contemporary of Confucius and with him as a central figure writes an imaginative tale, a blend of history and legend, in which "The Old Fellow" proves himself a living force for the present as he was in the past. . . . Kosta Todorov, head of the Free Bulgarian Committee, in "Balkan Firebrand" presents memoirs which are a mixture of personal adventure and discussion of Yugoslav history and conditions.

May 14

HOW PLAIN Mr. and Mrs. John Doe and their family live in war time, what they eat and drink, what they think and how they deport themselves make an interesting tale in Henrietta Ripperger's "112 Elm Street." . . . DeLancey Ferguson publishes his study of "Mark Twain: Man and Legend." . . . Written by one of its officers, Raoul Aglion's "The Fighting French" is both history and *Who's Who* of our gallant allies. . . .

May 17

GOOD GRISLY MYSTERY in McKnight Malmar's "Never Say Die." . . .

May 19

JOHN BROPHY publishes a novel, "Spearhead," which despite the fact that it's fiction is an excellent account of the life and training of the Cammandos. . . . Amea Willoughly recounts a woman's experiences in the Pacific war zone in "I Was on Corregidor.". . .

May 20

ELSWYTH THANE'S "Dawn's Early Light" is just what you might suppose from its title, a romance of the Revolution.

May 21

THE FIRST OF THE NOVELS of one of Sweden's greatest writers makes its bow in English in Vilhelm Moborg's "Ride This Night," a historical tale. . . . "Rebecca" enthusiasts please note —there's a new novel by Daphne Du Maurier, "Hungry Hill," a dour tale as its name forfends. . . .

May 24

GWEN DEW, only woman correspondent imprisoned in Hong Kong with the correspondents when the Japanese took them into custody, writes the story of the grim captivity in "Prisoner of the Japs." . . .

May 27

THE TENSION BEGINS even before you open the book in "The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope," by C. M. Grafton. . . .

May 28

EMIL LUDWIG has done it again—written another biography, we mean—in "Beethoven: Life of a Conqueror." . . . Harry Person Taber sets down the vagrant thoughts of a young man of eighty-two in "Ezra and Me." . . .

Just over the Horizon— Watch for Them

"THE GAMBLER TAKES A WIFE," by Myron Brinig. . . . "The Fall of Paris," by Ilya Ehrenburg. . . . "The Day of Reckoning," by Max Radin. . . . "Survival," by Phyllis Bottome. . . . "The Apostle," by Sholem Asch. . . .

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The Phoenix Nest

SEVERAL references in this department have elicited replies. When Paul H. Oehser's "Ballade of the Thwarted Scholar" appeared back in January, it inspired from the Reference Department of the Dayton Public Library a poem which was too long for me to squeeze into this limited space. But I may now quote from it a couple of verses illustrating the troubles of librarians. The spirit of the contribution exceeds the technical dexterity!

"The Grapes of Wrath," "For whom the bell (now) tolls"
No longer heads our circulation rolls.
"The Robe," that "Drivin' Woman," "Bernadette,"
Now seem to be most everyone's best bet. . . .

But what half dozen titles Mr. Oehser,
Have you spent time and temper callin' fer?
Give us a hint—for they could even be
Titles that we can't make our readers see!

Also, Mrs. Marjorie R. Dowling of Allentown, Pa., near which town I once lived, sends a "Reply" which sets forth the situation of the college librarian, though speaking for the worker in the public library:

It is not meet that I, a mere librarian,
On scholarship like yours should cast a doubt.
But wisdom worthy of a centenarian,
Whence comes it if the book is always out?

And if the book were not allowed to circulate,
Would you and all your ilk be acquiescent?
Could knowledge through your cerebellum percolate?
Your howls to take the book would be incessant!

Or if, with books you seek, we fill our shelving,
By verbal bludgeons rendered pusillanimous,
The tax-collector in your pocket delving
Would meet, I fear, a still more virile animus.

'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus we wander,
From peace of mind and understanding distant;
So, when your inconveniences you ponder,
Take pity on the hapless desk assistant!

Incidentally—

So much for libraries. A lady once said wittily of the present writer,

Public libraries have blurred
The colors of his palimpsest

thereby being one of the few poets we have known successfully to use the word "palimpsest." Swinburne, you will remember, found a good rhyme for "babe" in "astrolabe"! But Browning—I quote from memory—exceeded himself in his reference to the blood that

went trickle
Trickle in muddy driblets
Is now pumped up through the main ventricle
And genially floats me about the giblets. . . .

Probably as good a description of robust health as has come down to us!

The Stone-Cutter Story

That story of the Japanese stonecutter has brought letters from all about, notably one from St. Catherine's Cross, Shipton Gorge, Bridport, Dorset, England. Thence writes Mary C. A. Page:

> I own several bound volumes of *St. Nicholas* treasured from childhood. The first consulted, No. XXI, Part 2, 1893, page 706, contained "The Discontented Stonecutter" (A Japanese Wonder Story) by Lieut. H. P. McIntosh, U.S.N. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. What a gold mine those old volumes are. Mine contain "The Jungle Stories," R. Kipling; "Tom Sawyer Abroad," M. Twain; "Toinette's Philip," Mrs. Jamison, etc., etc., and are as readable today as when first published. In passing I may mention my own connection with U. S. A. is not without interest. A (maternal) plus great grandfather, Clement Plumsted, was one of the signatories to the Deed of Purchase of East Jersey 1691-2 from Lord Carteret's Executors. A great great-uncle, Thos. Lloyd was Deputy President of the Council and Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania for William Penn. Arrived in America 1683. Also my great great-grandmother, Anna Braithwaite (née Lloyd) travelled extensively and adventurously as a minister of the Society of Friends 1823-29. She made three visits during that time. Indeed the family is connected through kinship and friendship with U.S.A. past and present and I trust in future."

I trust so too. That is a very pleasant kind of letter to receive. Donald H. Alden of Van Nuys, California, has one version of the stone-cutter story as published in a sixteen-page pamphlet by the Central Publishing Company of Chicago in 1906. As titled it is "The Stone-Cutter / A Japanese Legend / Adapted by / Elizabeth Harrison / with / musical accompaniment / arranged by / Francis M. Arnold." Miss Harrison said in an introductory note that she had rewritten and given modern content to "a Japanese legend which McCutcheon had cartooned for the Chicago *Tribune*." Mrs. Robert Moseley of Greensboro', N. C., tells me that Mr. Boughton's story seems to her essentially the old Grimm fairy tale of the fisherman and his wife who lived in a vinegar jug, down by the edge of the sea; though there are several differences. "In any case, the legend is basically very old, and has been for many years a major classic." For Bennett Cerf, Mrs. Moseley adds, as to quite another matter, that she

(*Continued on page* 54)

[6]
CLEARLY SEEN AND DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS*
Or Moxie (short for Moreca), who di... know right fro... left except by her gol... tooth, and asked th... doctor to diogenes... her condition.
*From Struthers Burt's review
Thoroughfare
$2.75
Harcourt, Brace and Company
A novel by
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
4 LARGE PRINTINGS

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The Crostics Club

WELL, here we have our fascinating *Colophon* interpretation from our trusted friend Steven Byington: "It is the name of an ancient Greek city, and also Greek for an *important finishing touch*. The traditional explanation is that when the cavalry of Colophon charged it generally decided the battle and ended it. It would follow not only that this cavalry was formidable but also that it was customarily held in reserve till the infantry had brought matters to a crisis. Hence the standard modern use for the imprint on the last page of a book, which in old-fashioned books would give the publisher's name and the date of publication, perhaps with the emblem or cipher of the publisher or printer (publisher and printer were usually identical). It soon became customary to put the most important part of this material on the title-page instead of in the colophon." He goes on to say that although the use has arisen of calling this material itself on the front of the book the colophon, and such use is sanctioned by some authorities, he thinks that in technical bibliography it would not be permissible.

Mrs. Andrew F. Downing, Cambridge, Mass., declaring that words are delightful things whatever the definitions, continues Mrs. Millikan's comments on *entropy;* "After reading Eddington's 'The Nature of the Physical World' for the third time we conclude —perhaps not correctly—that entropy to Physicists means the trend in the universe from organization toward disorganization which seems (among other things) to justify the concept of past and future"; and, she adds, as "their own small rhyme,"

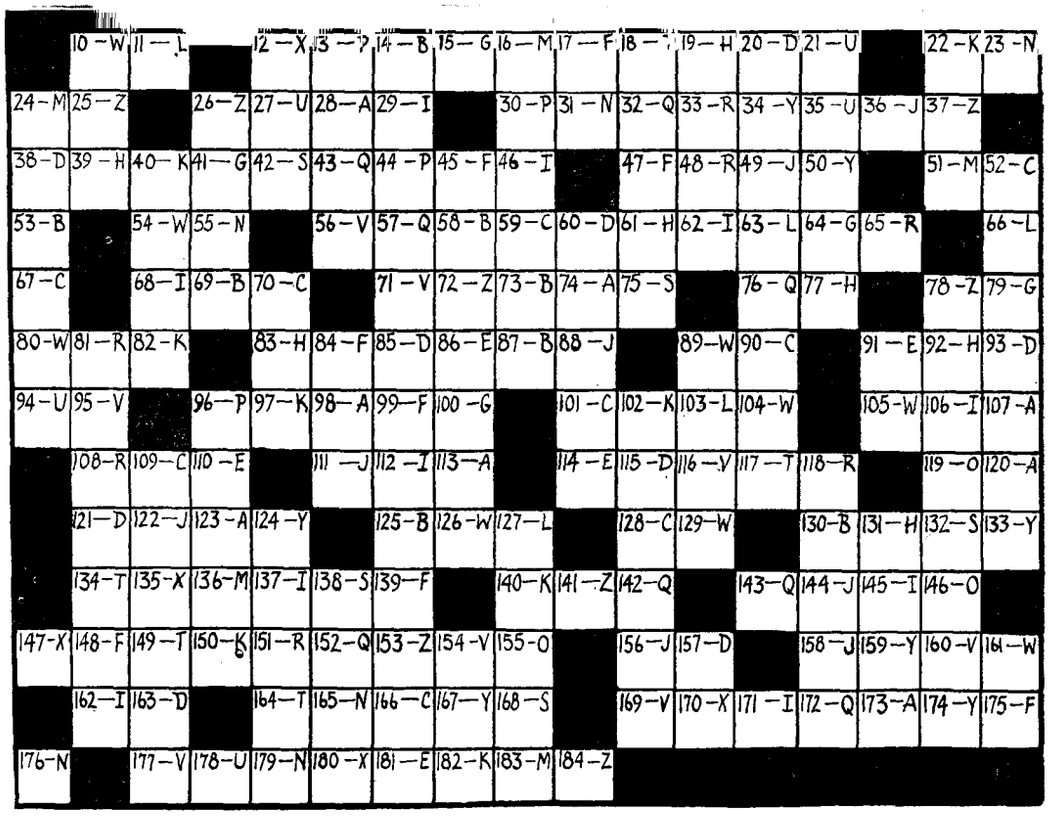
> The current of becoming, ever flowing,
> That tells the Cosmic weather cock
> Which way Time's wind is blowing.

Mrs. Downing in an appreciative conclusion says that their group never, never use reference books but sometimes take weeks to make out the hard ones.

Now, that to me is very comforting, just as is a letter from Mrs. T. Holbrook, Milwaukee, who does what she can without reference books, uses them in extremity, and is not above waiting for the next week's issue for missed clues. Why should you insist on doing them at a sitting, or condemn them as hard if you refuse to use reference books I had in mind when I concocted them? But otherwise do them in any way you like!

Mrs. William A. Scott, Winter Park, Fla., rejoicing in my "occasional mild aberrations," and claiming membership in the "low-brow or cretin school" recommends "The New Century Book of Facts," left to her recently by Dr. Lawrence Strong, Harvard '92, who, although an arthritis victim, was an inveterate DCer.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 473

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Type of 18th Century Shropshire ware (black glaze over red clay).

B. A god of War identified with Ares (Gr. relig.)

C. To unfold leaves.

D. Pirate; plunderer.

E. A child heroine in George Eliot.

F. Discoverer of the now-called X-rays.

G. Supercilious (colloq.)

H. The central point of the earth or of a literary work.

I. Former King of Scheria, grandfather of Nausicaä. ("The Odyssey.")

J. Cowboy novel by Andy Adams (1905).

K. Narrow or undiversified, as a mind. (comp.)

L. Like muscle.

M. A North American capital.

N. Supplying with physical or moral force.

O. A peasant or cultivator of the soil (India).

P. Accessible; not finally determined.

Q. A poetic romance by Keats (1818).

R. Members of the sparrow family.

S. Resembling the plant used for chair bottoms, mats, etc.

T. Bay of L. I. Sound made famous by one of our Presidents.

U. A measure of time.

V. Indian sachem in Virginia (1550-1618).

W. The honeysuckle ornament in relief sculpture or painting.

X. To vomit.

Y. The Celtic people of Ireland.

Z. A definite disclosure of facts, etc.

WORDS

98 28 74 173 120 123 8 107

53 69 130 125 87 73 14 58

67 52 128 90 70 109 59 101 166

163 93 20 60 38 157 85 121 9 115

110 86 114 181 91

17 99 148 139 47 45 84 175

41 15 2 64 79 100

77 19 83 1 92 19 131 61

106 68 137 46 171 29 112 162 145 62

156 122 49 144 36 111 4 88 158

102 97 40 150 82 140 182 22

103 11 66 63 127

24 16 136 183 3 51

55 179 31 165 5 23 176

146 155 119 7

13 30 96 44

32 172 142 143 152 43 57 76

118 151 65 33 48 81 108

138 132 42 75 168

117 18 149 6 164 134

178 35 21 94 27

56 116 71 95 177 169 160 154

105 126 161 80 104 10 54 89 129

180 135 147 12 170

34 167 174 124 159 133 50

37 72 78 26 141 153 25 184

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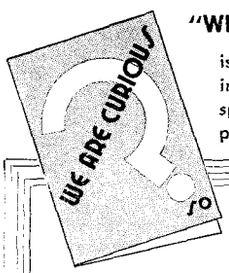

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HOTEL ROOSEVELT

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(*Continued from page 52*)

recently overheard one Young Thing say to another, "Oh, I just can't wait to see Greer Garson in 'Random House'!"

E. A. Robinson

The Explicator has published an "explication" of Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem "The Whip." But if you're sufficiently interested, you ought to buy *The Explicator* for it. Carl J. Weber of Colby College, Waterville, Maine, head there of the English Department, writes that twenty years ago he had confessed his own perplexity to the poet, and on January 28, 1923, Robinson wrote him as follows:

> I hardly know what to say about "The Whip," except that it is supposed to be a literal and not a figurative instrument. In this poem—not to mention a few others—I may have gone a little too far and given the reader too much to carry. If he refuses to carry it, perhaps I have only myself to blame. I am inclined to believe that this particular poem is not altogether satisfactory or very important.

Mr. Weber kindly sends me a copy of *The Colby Mercury* for November, 1938, devoted to "Library Notes for E. A. R.'s Birthday," in which it is interesting to note that Robinson paid fifty-two dollars to have 312 copies of his first book, "The Torrent and The Night Before," printed in a forty-four page pamphlet in 1896. More than thirty years later the poet was astounded to discover that he had made over $80,000 through the most popular of his long Arthurian poems, "Tristram." "It was Robinson's first popular success,—a success that amazed him. Its popularity made him wonder, so Miss Margaret Perry has told me [says Carl Weber] whether it could really be the good poem he thought it was! 'What have I written here, a little Longfellow poem?' he asked himself with dry humor."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. FORTUNE FINDS A PIG *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Mysterious outbreak of typhus in remote Welsh village and subsequent murders keep Reggie Fortune and American collaborator on the move.	Unmasking of murderous Nazi plotters and their British Quislings makes first class yarn, brimming with action and admirable sleuthing.	Top-notch
BITTER JUSTICE *Sada Cowan* (Crime Club: $2.)	Young doctor, enmeshed in love triangle, is accused of killing beauteous dancer. Woman-in-the-case finally clears him.	Good court-room scenes, for those who like 'em, and much emotional conflict. Detecting is unobtrusive but effective.	So-so
THE CHINESE SHAWL *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Green-eyed siren shot in back at one of those English country weekends. Miss Maud Silver elucidates.	Slightly garrulous but enjoyable tale of blighted love, sudden tragedy, and amateur detecting of superior grade.	Entertaining
MAGIC MAKES MURDER *Harriette Campbell* (Harpers: $2.)	Suspicious injury of Englishman steeped in occultism provides Simon Brade, and his ivory cubes, with a shivery case.	Brade's original method of detecting plus background full of black magic, etc., and interesting group of characters make good reading.	Unusual
HAVING WONDERFUL CRIME *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Murderer of two helpless women tracked down by Jake and Helene Justus and J. J. Malone.	Original plot, salty dialogue, considerable high-strung humor, and surprise finish—also a certain amount of overwriting.	Capital
HERSELF *Elizabeth Jordan* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Two deaths and epidemic of "influenza" terrorize small town. Young doctor does what sleuthing there is.	Novel of character, with murder and mystery trimmings. Elderly spinster heroine and group of medicos ably portrayed.	Enjoyable
AMBUSH HOUSE *Kurt Steel* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Hank Hyer, doubling up on clients, runs into murder, kidnapping, romance, and much excitement.	Typical adventure in Hyer realms of deduction and smooth plotting with little Spanish girl as good comedy relief.	Satisfactory

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or exchanged; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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